"THE FLY"

Screenplay

by

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"THE FLY"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MONTREAL - DELAMBRE FACTORY - NIGHT

The city of Montreal is deep asleep. Street lamps cast harsh shadows, a sharp wind whines malevolently, and no one walks the streets. Cathedral bells break the stillness. As the last chime dies away there is a sudden, hair-raising scream of a cat in terror, which ceases almost as soon as it began. A moment later, a large black cat slinks out of the shadows; camera follows as it slips noiselessly through the Main Gates of the factory. Over the gates is an illuminated sign:

"DELAMBRE FRÈRES ELECTRONICS
MONTREAL LTD."

Without hesitation, the cat crosses the deserted courtyard, heads toward a side door beside which are the time clocks, and racks for employees cards. It scratches at the door, mews. The neat lines of the modern factory are vague shapes against the night. The door opens.

2 EXT. SIDE DOOR - CLOSE SHOT GASTON - NIGHT

GASTON, the nightwatchman, a gnarled, bewhiskered old man with rheumy eyes, bends down, picks up the cat, pets it, wheezing.

GASTON
(thick French accent)
Eh, Satan, mon cher - you are late ce soir - still looking for your girl friend, eh?

He chuckles wheezily as he punches his time clock.

GASTON
M'selle Dandelo has found another. You will not see her again.
(he pets the cat once more, puts it down)
But do not worry, mon pauvre -- there will be others.

He waves at an unseen fly which buzzes irritatingly, exits back into the factory.

3 INT. FACTORY - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Gaston switches on the lights, looks around the precise work benches strewn with electrical equipment - cathode ray tubes, transistors, boxes of valves, condensors, banks of testing panels. He clears his throat noisily as he punches his clock. From the distance comes the soft whine of a generator starting up. Gaston starts, bends his head, listens with surprise. The whine blends into the hiss of precision machinery operating. The sound grows. There is a sudden ghastly moan - almost like that of a cat in torture - then silence. Gaston's mouth drops open and he hurries out.

4 EXT. COURTYARD - GASTON FAVORED - NIGHT

He peers around anxiously. He is astonished to see a light now burning in one of the sheds. As fast as his old limbs can carry him he hurries toward the light. Over comes the hiss of the press raising - a pause - then a sigh as it descends once more. Just as he reaches the shed, the door at the far end is thrown open and a figure runs toward a half-opened door set in the factory wall some distance away. This wall door obviously leads to a large rambling house, set just outside the main wall of the factory. Gaston watches astonished:

5 ANOTHER ANGLE - NEAR DOOR - NIGHT

As the approaching figure briefly passes a pool of light, it is revealed as a woman, tall, slim, beautiful; this is MME. HELENE DELAMBRE. Her face, normally serene, is twisted with horror. Terror lends wings to her feet as she pulls open the door, disappears. Behind her, Gaston stares after her.

6 CLOSE SHOT GASTON - NIGHT

He shakes his head bewildered, squinting after the figure.

GASTON
(shouting throatily)
Eh! Madame --

Then he hurries into the shed.

7 INT. HYDRAULIC PRESS SHED - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Gaston looks around. His hurry has made him wheeze. The hydraulic press dominates the shed, its well-oiled shafts like the tentacles of a gigantic steel octopus. Only the hum of the generator and Gaston's labored breathing break the stillness, then over, once more, comes the irritating

Cont.

7 Cont.

buzz of a fly. He peers around puzzled, for everything seems to be normal. He waves the fly away, starts to investigate.

8 ANOTHER ANGLE - GASTON - NIGHT

Approaches camera. As he comes into extreme close shot he gasps with horror.

9 REVERSE ANGLE - NIGHT

The hundred-ton press is at the bottom of its stroke. Lying on his back, on the narrow line on which white-hot slabs of metal are rolled up to the press, is the body of a man, his head and right arm seemingly pushed into the metallic mass of the hammmer. The tips of the fingers of his left hand are also just in the the press as though trying to push the ghastly mass away. Blood has spotted his white "lab" coat and drips sickeningly; over is the soft irritating drone of the fly.

10 CLOSE SHOT GASTON - NIGHT

Eyes staring, he opens his mouth to scream.

11 INT. FRANCOIS' STUDY - CLOSE SHOT TELEPHONE - NIGHT

Phone jangles abruptly into life, Francois' hand picks up the receiver.

12 MED. SHOT - FRANCOIS - NIGHT

FRANCOIS DELAMBRE sits tiredly at a large desk on which are strewn papers, reports, balance sheets and electronic diagrams. He is a large man, with chiselled sensitive features; his clothes, normally very neat are now crumpled and tired. The study is large and rich, lined with shelves of books. An original Monet, discreetly lit and gently beautiful, is the only decoration in this masculine room. He pushes touselled hair out of his eyes irritably.

FRANCOIS
(into phone)
Yes - yes - who is it?
(after a pause - blearily)
Yes, this is Francois Delambre.
(recognizes the voice on the phone)
Helene?

Immediately he is wide awake.

Cont.

12 Cont.

FRANCOIS
(warmly)
Helene, dear. What - what can I do for you?

13 INT. HELENE'S LIVING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

Her face is pale, pale as a corpse candle, and horror is deep in her eyes. Yet when she talks, her voice is level, almost insanely calm. She licks her lips, then:

HELENE
Francois -- I've just killed Andre. I need your help.

14 INT. FRANCOIS' STUDY - CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - NIGHT

He jerks up in the chair.

FRANCOIS
(stunned)
You've killed Andre? When? How? Why?

15 INT. HELENE'S LIVING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

HELENE
A - few minutes ago. With the hydraulic press - in the factory.

16 INT. FRANCOIS' STUDY - CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - NIGHT

FRANCOIS
(weakly)
It's nearly midnight, Helene. I've had a hard day. I love you both dearly, but this sort of joke --

17 INT. HELENE'S LIVING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

She cuts in abruptly. Her voice breaks slightly as her hysteria mounts:

HELENE
Francois, it's true. I'VE KILLED ANDRE! Please, please help me. Call the police and -- come quickly. I just can't --

18 INT. FRANCOIS' STUDY - CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - NIGHT

There is no mistaking the urgency in her voice. Francois is paralyzed with shock; he tries to collect himself.

FRANCOIS
(incoherently)
You've killed -- but --
(quickly)
Don't worry, Helen. I'll be right over. What --

He stares ashen at the phone as it goes dead. Then he jumps out of the chair, starts to put on a tie hurriedly. Again the phone jangles.

FRANCOIS
(into phone)
Yes?

19 INT. HYDRAULIC PRESS SHED - CLOSE SHOT GASTON AT WALL PHONE - NIGHT

The poor old man is beside himself with grief. The wall phone is almost too high for him.

GASTON
(stuttering wheezily - almost in tears)
M'sieu Francois -- Gaston. I try to call you -- something terrible 'as 'appened. A man is dead - his head is under the press -- M'sieu, M'sieu, you are there?

20 INT. FRANCOIS' STUDY - CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - NIGHT

Francois sits weakly, stunned.

FRANCOIS
(throatily)
Yes, Gaston.

21 INT. PRESS SHED - CLOSE SHOT GASTON AT WALL PHONE - NIGHT

His eyes are wet, his whole face shakes.

GASTON
And, and I saw a woman -- running, running away --
(incredulously)
-- it looked - I think it was -- Mme. Delambre ---

22 INT. FRANCOIS' STUDY - CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - NIGHT

FRANCOIS
(incoherently)
Helene?
(with difficulty)
Stay there, Gaston. I'll get the police immediately.

He replaces the phone. A moment's desperate thought, then he glances at his watch, dials a number.

FRANCOIS
Antheneum Club?
(pause, hesitantly)
Is - is Inspector Charas still there, please?
(pause)
Yes, I'll wait.

23 INT. ATHENEUM CLUB - CLOSE SHOT CHESSMAN - THE WHITE QUEEN - NIGHT

Charas' hand comes into picture. He places his black knight - a beautifully carved figure on horseback - on to the queen's square, picking up the white queen.

CHARAS' VOICE
Check!

Camera pulls back to reveal the interior of the luxurious men's club, its deep leather chairs - shiny with use - with men of all ages reading, sitting or dozing. CHARAS is a calm, well-built man with large competent hands. When he speaks his voice is deep and gentle, and about him there is an old world courtesy. He still holds the white queen, smiling at his balding opponent's shocked study of the chess board, as a uniformed waiter brings a telephone, plugs it in.

WAITER
(quietly)
Sorry to interrupt, sir. There is a call for you.

CHARAS
(taking phone)
Oh? Thank you.

24 INT. FRANCOIS' STUDY - CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - NIGHT

FRANCOIS
(nervously)
This is Francois Delambre. You may remember I've met you a few times at the club. It's just that, well -

Cont.

24 Cont.

FRANCOIS (Cont.)
(blurts out)
I'm in terrible trouble. I'm sorry to call you so late --

25 INT. ATHENEUM CLUB - MED. CLOSE SHOT CHARAS - NIGHT

CHARAS
(quietly)
Trouble, M'sieu?

His opponent glowers sourly at the board.

26 INT. FRANCOIS' STUDY - NIGHT

FRANCOIS
(hurrying)
My sister-in-law - she's just phoned to say she's killed her husband - - my brother, my brother Andre --
(listens weakly a moment)
At our factory - Delambre Frères. And my nightwatchman - he's just called me, there's a body --

27 INT. ATHENEUM CLUB - CLOSE SHOT CHARAS - NIGHT

He listens with growing astonishment. Then:

CHARAS
Where are you now, Mr. Delambre?
(listens)
I will pick you up in a few minutes. Goodbye.

He replaces phone, stunned. His eyes fall on the white queen. He shakes his head slightly, as he places it carefully on the side of the table.

DISSOLVE TO:

28 EXT. DELAMBRE FACTORY - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

Charas' car pulls rapidly up to the main gates - a cop waves him through. The whine of an ambulance builds quickly, then it swerves through the gates, follows Charas' car to park outside the press shed near other police cars. Now there are a few lights in the courtyard - and the sketchy lighting increases the eeriness of the night.

29 EXT. COURTYARD - SHOT AT CAR - FRANCOIS - NIGHT

gets out of the car. He starts towards the door which leads to Andre's house as Charas joins him.

FRANCOIS
Helene lives just --

CHARAS
We'd better look here first, M'sieu.

FRANCOIS
(anxiously)
But I've got to see --

CHARAS
Please, M'sieu. I have already sent a man. She will be all right.

Suddenly very tired, Francois sighs, follows Charas into the shed.

30 INT. HYDRAULIC SHED - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

The shed is dimly lit. Pools of light cut the darkness. Many cops, uniformed and plain-clothes, study the ghastly scene. Gaston stands numbly to one side talking to a plain-clothes man. Nearby a young cop stares toward the hydraulic press with fascinated nausea. Some are setting up cameras; a chubby crumpled police doctor whistles tonelessly near the press as Charas and Francois enter.

31 TWO SHOT - CHARAS - FRANCOIS - NIGHT

Without his knowledge, Charas studies Francois carefully. Francois fights to keep steady as his eyes fall on the corpse. Nausea almost overwhelms him.

FRANCOIS
(throatily)
It's Andre.

CHARAS
(after pause)
How can we raise the hammer?

FRANCOIS
I'll do it for you.

Camera follows as he almost lurches toward the press.

CHARAS
Would you like us to get one of your men?

Cont.

31 Cont.

FRANCOIS
No. I'll be all right.

32 ANOTHER ANGLE NEAR PRESS - NIGHT

Francois stops beside the panel, puts his hand on a button; Charas watching carefully, looks back at him.

CHARAS
(gently)
Whenever you're ready, M'sieu.

33 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - NIGHT

Sweat beads his forehead. He looks back, presses the "UP" button. Horror grows as the sigh of compressed air hissing into cylinders breaks the stillness. After a slight pause, the sound of the hammer raising, and a frightening sucking noise.

34 ANOTHER ANGLE - BED OF PRESS FAVORED - NIGHT

The headless corpse twists, then subsides. A sticky mass of blood spreads over the press. Its hand hangs for a moment in the air, then falls back. Whistling, the police doctor comes forward.

DOCTOR
(after pause)
Dead about thirty minutes.

As he turns, camera moves to Charas and Francois.

CHARAS
(to Francois)
Is the down stroke fast?

FRANCOIS
(just keeping control)
No - about the same ---

He pulls his attention to the dials. It seems to take his eyes time to focus; then he begins to read them. Charas glances up at the hammer, poised over the press.

CHARAS
No danger of it coming down again, Mr. Delambre?

FRANCOIS
(tonelessly)
No.

Cont.

34 Cont.

FRANCOIS (Cont.)
(pause)
It's been set for 50 tons. Impact zero.

CHARAS
Zero?

FRANCOIS
Yes. That means level with the bed. It's never set that way. Never.

CHARAS
Oh?

FRANCOIS
(shakes his head)
That would squeeze the metal -- to nothing.
(pause)
It's set to single strokes, too. She didn't know how to operate the press.

35 TWO SHOT CHARAS AND FRANCOIS - NIGHT

CHARAS
(after studying the dials)
Are you sure this is your brother?

Francois hesitates, finding difficulty keeping his voice level.

FRANCOIS
He - there's a long scar on - his left knee -- war wound. I'll -- would you, please?

36 CLOSE SHOT CHARAS - NIGHT

Camera moves with him as he turns back to the press, represses shudder, pulls up the body's pants leg. The scar is there. Charas pulls the pants leg down, nods o.s. Camera pulls back as the doctor lays a sheet over the corpse, pans with Charas as he rejoins Francois who stares stonily at the dials. Gaston stands helplessly nearby.

FRANCOIS
(almost to himself)
I can't believe it.

Cont.

36 Cont.

CHARAS
(gently)
Many things are hard to believe about the world and people, M'sieu.
(pause)
Can you think of any reason why she would do such a thing?

FRANCOIS
None. Absolutely none. They were completely happy together. They've a wonderful boy, Henri, whom they adore.
(pause)
Helene's always so gentle. It doesn't make sense.
(pause)
Andre loved two things - his family and his work.
(shakily)
It's impossible.

His eyes suddenly fix on a dial. He turns astonished to Charas. His mouth works, but no word comes out.

CHARAS
What is it, M'sieu?

FRANCOIS
(incredulously)
The stroke count! That's the stroke count.

He indicates dial. Charas frowns, moves for a closer look.

37 ANOTHER ANGLE - FRANCOIS FAVORED - NIGHT

The prominent "Stroke Count" dial reads"2".

CHARAS
I don't understand.

FRANCOIS
Whoever - did - this to Andre...
It reads two. They did it TWICE.

CHARAS
(astonished)
Twice?

GASTON
(wheezing)
Oui, M'sieu. I heard the press come down two times.

Nausea overwhelms Francois. He hurries out of the door; Charas glances back a last time, shudders, follows him.

DISSOLVE TO:

38 INT. HELENE'S HOUSE - HALL - TOWARDS FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

EMMA, the cook and major domo - a portly matron - opens the front door. She wears a tired robe over her night-clothes. Francois stands aside for Charas to enter.

EMMA
Evening, Mr. Francois.

FRANCOIS
Evening, Emma. Is -

He glances up as the sound of a door opening comes over.

39 ANOTHER ANGLE - FRANCOIS FAVORED - NIGHT

The whole of the hall is revealed. It is, like all the rooms, rich and decorated in excellent taste. Stairs lead to the bedrooms on the second floor. At the far end of the hall is a half-opened door, and more steps leading down to the laboratory in the basement.

EJOUTE, an elderly man with silver hair, closes the living room door quietly, comes over to Francois, grey with concern, as Emma bewilderedly exits.

EJOUTE
Francois, mon ami. Is it true?

FRANCOIS
Yes.

EJOUTE
(aghast)
Mais, c'est impossible.

FRANCOIS
Did Helene --

But Ejoute is not listening. He shakes his head, stunned.

EJOUTE
(interrupting)
I can't believe it.

FRANCOIS
(hesitantly)
Inspector, this is our family doctor, Dr. Ejoute. Inspector Charas.

EJOUTE
(looks up)
Oh ---
(shakes hands)
Your man called me. Helene told him. So I came.

Cont.

39 Cont.

FRANCOIS
How -- is she?

40 TWO SHOT EJOUTE - FRANCOIS - NIGHT

EJOUTE
(helplessly)
Quite calm now, almost in a state of euphoria - of relief, as though she's happy about it.

Francois is stunned.

41 CLOSE SHOT CHARAS - NIGHT

CHARAS
(after pause)
Is she insane, Doctor?

42 ANOTHER ANGLE - EJOUTE FAVORED - NIGHT

EJOUTE
(quietly)
Helene Delambre could never kill her husband. It is impossible, unless she is or was insane.

Charas studies him. At length:

CHARAS
Did she tell you anything?

EJOUTE
Nothing, except she killed him - and how.
(bursts out)
There's nothing in her would make her do that - nothing.
(breaking)
Why, Inspector, I've known her all her life - I even delivered her. She and Andre were devoted to each other.

CHARAS
Where is Mme. Delambre?

Ejoute indicates living room door. Charas enters the room. After agonized pause, Francois and Ejoute follow.

43 INT. HELENE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Helene is quite calm, sitting beside a table upon which is a coffee pot and cups. Watching her carefully, is a plain-clothes cop. As Ejoute, Charas and Francois enter, she looks up, smiles wanely.

HELENE
Francois. I'm sorry I called you. You see, I could have called the police myself. I'm all right now.

FRANCOIS
(broken at her calm)
Helene, my dear. You know if there was anything --

HELENE
(turning to Charas)
You are the police?

CHARAS
(slight bow)
Inspector Charas, Madame.

FRANCOIS
(unable to bear it)
Helene, what is going on? Why do you say you killed Andre? Why...

Helene crosses to him, obviously touched by his concern.

HELENE
(gently)
It's all right, dear Francois. Everything's all right now.

44 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHARAS FAVORED - NIGHT

He exchanges a glance with Doctor Ejoute.

CHARAS
Madame, perhaps you would tell us what happened.

HELENE
(turning to him)
Of course, M'sieu. I killed my husband, Andre Delambre, about half an hour ago in the hydraulic press shed.

45 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - NIGHT

He stares at her, bewildered - then blurts out:

FRANCOIS
You don't even know how to work the --

46 CLOSE SHOT CHARAS - NIGHT

He interrupts Francois sharply.

CHARAS
Would you kindly not interrupt, Mr. Delambre.

FRANCOIS' VOICE
I'm sorry...

CHARAS
(to Helene - gently)
Why did you kill him?

47 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

Serene, she turns her attention toward Charas.

HELENE
(after a pause)
I cannot answer that question.

48 ANOTHER ANGLE - GROUP SHOT - NIGHT

They stare at her stunned as she sits down, begins pouring coffee.

HELENE
Would you like some coffee, Francois?

Charas watches her carefully.

CHARAS
You understand the gravity of the crime, Madame. You say you killed your husband. That is, you murdered him.

HELENE
(after pause)
I killed Andre. Yes.

CHARAS
Why?

48 Cont.

HELENE
(gently)
I cannot answer that question.

CHARAS
How did you kill him?

HELENE
With the hydraulic press.

CHARAS
(after pause)
How do you operate it?

HELENE
First you pull the main switch to the "On" position...

49 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - NIGHT

Listening with growing astonishment.

HELENE'S VOICE
Then you set the stroke to whatever tonnage you want. Set the stroke to maximum, that is level with the table, or ZERO...

50 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - NIGHT

She talks calmly to Charas.

HELENE
Then press the release button. It's the red one.

Charas looks across at Francois who nods weakly.

CHARAS
You are telling us you put your husband under the hammer?

HELENE
No, Inspector. He did that himself.

CHARAS
(after an astonished pause)
Why?

Helene looks away, shrugs slightly. Charas glances at Ejoute, turns back to Helene.

Cont.

50 Cont.

CHARAS
He put his head and arm under the hammer?

HELENE
Yes.

CHARAS
Why?

HELENE
(she seems to go blank for a moment, then pours a cup of coffee)
I cannot answer that question.
(offering Charas the cup)
Coffee, Inspector?

51 TWO SHOT CHARAS - FRANCOIS - NIGHT

Charas accepts the coffee, sips it speculatively. Then he turns to Ejoute and Francois.

CHARAS
Would you be kind enough to wait for me outside?

EJOUTE, FRANCOIS
Of course.

Charas nods to the plain-clothes cop who follows them out. Camera moves in tight to Helene and Charas, as he sits.

CHARAS
(delicately)
Now, Madame Delambre. You were happy with your husband?

HELENE
(slight smile)
There were no mistresses. I had no lovers. We were both very happy. That is the truth.

CHARAS
Then why did you kill him?

HELENE
(calmly)
I cannot answer.

Cont.

51 Cont.

CHARAS
(sharply)
You know I have the authority to put you in jail, now - charged with murder.

HELENE
Yes.

CHARAS
If you do not cooperate, it will make matters unnecessarily harsh.
(beat)
Why did you kill him?

HELENE
I wish to help you, all I can, but I cannot answer that question.

Softly at first, with growing intensity, a fly buzzes irritatingly. Charas pays it no attention. Helene hears it, and into her eyes comes increasing horror. Charas looks up from his cup, sees her eyes searching. He covers his start of astonishment seeing the change come over her.

52 CLOSE SHOT - HELENE - NIGHT

Her eyes search the room desperately; then she gets up.

53 CLOSE SHOT - CHARAS - NIGHT

Watching with astonishment.

54 MED. SHOT - NIGHT

Helene moves over to the lamp. The fly has settled there. She bends down to examine it carefully.

55 INSERT - CLOSE SHOT - THE FLY - NIGHT

In enormous close shot the fly calmly cleans its head with its forelegs. Repulsive, covered with short black stubbly hair, its long trumpet-like snout, hanging from its face, the fly hesitates momentarily. Now the narrow hairy slit-mouth can be seen as the sucker trumpet searches nausiatingly for food.

56 MED. SHOT HELENE FAVORED - NIGHT

She lets out a sigh of relief, waves it away. Once more calm, she turns to the Inspector who now studies his cup.

Cont.

56 Cont.

CHARAS
(looks up)
You pressed the button and it was all over?

HELENE
Yes.

CHARAS
Why did you do it twice?

Helene tries to cover her anxiety.

HELENE
It was only once.

CHARAS
The stroke count read two. A machine cannot lie, Madame.

HELENE
(calming with an effort, hesitantly)
Yes, it - was twice. I was wrong. I did it two times.

CHARAS
Why?

She makes no reply. Charas waits a long moment, then gets up.

CHARAS
Perhaps you will wait, Madame.

HELENE
Of course, Inspector.

He exits, deep in thought, as she sits.

57 INT. HALL - CHARAS FAVORED - NIGHT

He comes out, nods to the cop who goes back into the room, joins Francois and Doctor Ejoute.

CHARAS
(after pause)
What would you advise, Doctor -- medically?

EJOUTE
Rest. Maybe in a day or two her -- state of mind will improve.

Cont.

57 Cont.

CHARAS
(after pause)
Very well. But you understand the lady is under surveillance. I will arrange for one of our nurses to take charge of her.

EJOUTE
Of course. I - thank you, Inspector. You can rely on me.

Ejoute nods, enters the living room. Francois can't wait.

FRANCOIS
What do you think?

CHARAS
Would you show me his laboratory?

FRANCOIS
(after pause)
Of course.

He leads the way to the end of the hall, opens a door, then begins down a flight of steps.

58 INT. STAIR WELL - NIGHT

The stair well leads into a hallway; Francois opens the only door leading off the small hallway.

59 INT. MAIN LABORATORY - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

The lights are already on. Francois comes in, stops astonished.

60 REVERSE ANGLE - NIGHT

It is as though a cyclone has hit the sound-proofed room. It is filled with the twisted remains of obviously expensive and intricate electronic machinery. One wall is an immense blackboard. It is freshly cleaned. To one side is a crumpled divan and a modern desk. On the desk is a tray with the remains of a meal on it. An open door leads into a second lab, also a twisted mass of wrecked equipment -- also sound-proofed. Francois is staggered. He goes over, begins to pick up a section of transistors but is stopped by Charas.

61 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHARAS FAVORED - NIGHT

CHARAS
Please don't touch anything.

Cont.

61 Cont.

FRANCOIS
I'm sorry. But --
(looks around, shakes head with disbelief)
It's the work of a madman. Must have been two hundred thousand dollars worth of special equipment here. Andre was always so careful of everything.

CHARAS
Special?
(beat)
What was all this for?

FRANCOIS
I don't know. It could have been anything -- any one of a dozen ideas. He -- when he'd developed something - then he would show it to me.
(an afterthought)
But I believe he was working on something for the Air Ministry. Perhaps they would know.

Charas looks around thoughtfully, then crosses to a door at the far side of the room. It lets out onto a garden, and leads to the door through the factory wall. He closes it.

CHARAS
(with studied disinterest)
I imagine Electronics is a profitable field these days.

FRANCOIS
Yes. Very.

62 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - NIGHT

He glances at Charas.

FRANCOIS
(quietly)
We own the business jointly. We both have more money than we know what to do with. They - had no outside interests. None. I'm absolutely sure. That's why it doesn't make sense.

63 CLOSE SHOT CHARAS - NIGHT

CHARAS
You are very attached to both of them, aren't you?

64 ANOTHER ANGLE - FRANCOIS FAVORED - NIGHT

His face mirrors his unhappiness. He turns away.

FRANCOIS
Yes.

Charas shoots him a quick searching glance, then moves to second lab.

65 INT. SECOND LAB - CHARAS FAVORED - NIGHT

Like the first, it is a twisted mass of wreckage.

FRANCOIS
(helplessly)
What does all this mean, Inspector?

CHARAS
I have no idea, yet.
(after pause)
She would tell me nothing, except she killed him. There appears to be no motive, no reason, except insanity. But even that solution leaves many important questions unanswered.

FRANCOIS
Perhaps he committed suicide.

CHARAS
If he did, why does she say she killed him? The position of his hand indicates he was trying to push the hammer away. And last, if suicide, why use such a clumsy method, and why involve your wife? And she was there.
(grim)
She could hang for this.

FRANCOIS
(beside himself with anxiety)
Poor Henri. What can I tell him? How does one tell a child ---

His words trail off.

Cont.

65 Cont.

CHARAS
(after pause)
If I may suggest, perhaps you could look after the boy for a while.

FRANCOIS
What's going to happen to her?

CHARAS
We'll keep her under observation for the moment. There's plenty of time.

He glances around, frowning. After a pause:

66 CLOSE SHOT CHARAS - NIGHT

CHARAS
(with studied dis-interest)
Did your brother ever experiment with animals?

FRANCOIS
Never.

CHARAS
(looking up)
Or insects?

67 ANOTHER ANGLE - FRANCOIS FAVORED - NIGHT

He looks at Charas with growing amazement.

FRANCOIS
Insects?
(smiles weakly as Charas nods)
No. That would be funny if -- Andre and Helene believed in the sacredness of life. They would never harm anything - never, not even a fly.

Charas glances at him, looks away, his frown deepening.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

68 INT. HELENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is beautifully furnished and airy; a slight breeze flicks the net curtains. Helene, serenely propped in bed, glancing idly at a Canadian magazine, looks up as NURSE ANDERSONE bustles in. The Nurse is a woman in her forties, who radiates competence and level-headedness; her uniform is starched and neat, her smile ready. She puts the tray beside the bed.

ANDERSONE
Lunch, Madame.

HELENE
(smiling back)
I'm eating much too much. At this rate I'll gain pounds. Can I get up today?

ANDERSONE
Ask Doctor Ejoute, Madame.

HELENE
Every time I ask him, he says tomorrow.

ANDERSONE
(kindly)
You're coming along nicely. The rest'll do you good.

She moves efficiently to take her pulse. After pause:

HELENE
Is Inspector Charas coming today?

ANDERSONE
(carefully)
He did not say, Madame.

HELENE
I like him. He's been very gentle.
(beat)
I hope Francois brings that nice boy today -- what's his name -- Henri.

ANDERSONE
(after pause)
Yes. A nice boy.

69 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - DAY

She begins to eat as Nurse Andersone eases herself into an arm chair. After pause:

HELENE
They think I'm mad, don't they?

ANDERSONE
(easily - from long practice - smiling)
They never tell me what they think about.

She picks up the paper, finalizing this conversation. Helene half shrugs, turns her attention to the food. Her fork stops abruptly in mid-air as she hears the sound of a fly. She glances at the Nurse, begins eating deliberately. But her eyes search for the fly. Suddenly she jerks.

70 INSERT - CLOSE SHOT WINDOW PANE - DAY

A blue bottle fly buzzes incessantly against the window pane, then flies out of picture.

71 MEDIUM SHOT - DAY

Helene watches fascinated as Nurse Andersone, without looking up, waves her hand at the buzzing fly. Then irritated, Andersone glances up.

ANDERSONE
Go away!

She goes back to her newspaper. Helene's body strains against the bed clothes, taut in her concentration. The fly lands on the bed. Before she can look at it closely, it disappears. Andersone notices her anguish.

ANDERSONE
Is it bothering you? I'll soon rid you of the pest.

Nurse Andersone firmly rolls the newspaper into a fly swatter.

HELENE
(quickly)
No. It doesn't bother me.

The Nurse gets up, starts slashing the air.

Cont.

71 Cont.

HELENE
(with growing anxiety)
It's all right, Nurse Andersone. Please leave it alone.

ANDERSONE
It's no trouble, Madame.

HELENE
Please, Nurse...

The buzzing ceases. Helene sighs with relief. Andersone has not noticed Helene's excited, flushed face. Suddenly Nurse Andersone darts for the window, crashes the fly to oblivion.

ANDERSONE
Got you.

As the nurse bends down to look at it, Helene snaps; she pushes the tray away. Andersone glances back astonished as the tray crashes to the floor.

ANDERSONE
Why, what ever --

Helene desperately runs toward the window.'

HELENE
I want to look at the fly ---

Andersone stands in her way.

ANDERSONE
(firmly)
Now you get back into bed.

HELENE
Let me look at the fly -- PLEASE!

ANDERSONE
(sharply)
Back into bed, Madame!
(pause)
I'll bring it to you.

HELENE
No. I'll see it now, before ---

She tries to get out of the Nurse's grasp, her hysteria mounting.

72 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - DAY

Straining with all her strength.

HELENE
(desperately)
Let me go -- LET ME GO!

She screams with sudden rage, fights like a mad woman. Horrified, Nurse Andersone tries to hold her.

HELENE
(screaming)
I only want TO LOOK AT ITTTTT!

73 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE - DAY

She shoves Nurse Andersone viciously out of the way, bends beside the window, drops to her knees. Helene tears the curtain away, stares at the dead fly momentarily, then, as quickly as her hysteria came, it breaks, and she subsides into broken, pathetic sobs. Nurse Andersone picks herself up, carefully approaches Helene, completely amazed by the suddenness of the fit, and now her broken sobs. She helps Helene, who is like a child in the midst of a nightmare, over to the bed. It takes but a moment to give her a morphia injection.

ANDERSONE
There, there, now, you'll be all right... there, there...

Then, keeping her eyes on Helene, Andersone backs over to the window, quickly picks up the fly, examines it.

74 CLOSE SHOT ANDERSONE - DAY

Her brow furrows. She looks up from her cupped hand, across to Helene. Her bewilderment increases.

DISSOLVE TO:

75 INT. FRANCOIS' STUDY - CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - SUNSET

His face is grey with concern. He too stares with bewilderment at his cupped hand, in which is a tiny cellophane envelope containing the dead fly. Camera pulls back to reveal Charas watching him, and the whole of his book-lined study. A large desk dominates the warm interior. Light from the coal fire flicks shadows on the walls and ceiling.

FRANCOIS
It's just a common house fly!

Cont.

75 Cont.

CHARAS
Yes.
(sighs)
Perhaps it's symbolic of something deep in her subconscious -- as the psychiatrist believes.
(pause)
Do you think she's mad, Mr. Delambre?

FRANCOIS
(bitterly - indicating fly)
It's obvious, isn't it?

CHARAS
(quietly)
In spite of what the doctors say, I think Mrs. Delambre's mind is quite clear --
(taking the fly in its cellophane envelope)
Even when catching flies.

FRANCOIS
(astonished)
How can you say that?
(beat)
She must be mad. And what about Henri? She acts as though the boy's mine - not hers.

Charas goes over to the fire, studies it.

CHARAS
She may be trying to protect him in some way. Perhaps she fears him - or even hates him.

FRANCOIS
Impossible. Helene couldn't hate anyone. You're out of your mind.

He rubs his face tiredly, sits down behind his desk.

76 CLOSE SHOT CHARAS - SUNSET

He turns to look at Francois.

CHARAS
You're in love with her, aren't you?

77 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - SUNSET

He glances up at Charas a long moment.

FRANCOIS
Yes.

78 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHARAS FAVORED - SUNSET

CHARAS
Why didn't you marry her?

FRANCOIS
(simply)
She loved my brother, who was a much better guy than I could ever be.
(sighs)
She deserved him, not me. I don't think she ever noticed me.

CHARAS
(quietly)
I'm glad you're honest with me, M'sieu. You see, at first I suspected you.

FRANCOIS
(astonished)
Me? Why should I do such a thing?

CHARAS
Motive one - for his wife. Motive two - to control Delambre Electronics.

FRANCOIS
(suddenly angry)
What do I care about motive? Helene's in trouble, and Andre is dead. You're off your head! It's all a crazy nightmare.

CHARAS
(calmly)
I know now you had nothing to do with it, but I had to check, for her sake.

FRANCOIS
I'm sorry. I'm a fool. You've been so patient. Please forgive me. I'm just...
(his words trail off)

79 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHARAS FAVORED - SUNSET

Charas smiles tiredly, waves his hand deprecatingly, walks over to his hat and coat, picks them up.

CHARAS
I understand, M'sieu.
(beat)
Perhaps I should apologize. I have to pry into all sorts of personal things, but it is necessary, unfortunately.

FRANCOIS
Thank you for coming, Inspector. If there is anything I can do to help ---

CHARAS
Did you discover what your brother was working on?

FRANCOIS
(shakes head)
The Air Ministry scientists have been through all his papers -- everything. Didn't mean a thing to them.

CHARAS
We couldn't decipher the ashes. Nothing there either.
(wearily)
Well, Mr. Delambre, I've delayed all I can. We've been patient with the lady, but --
(beat)
I'm afraid I have to ask for a warrant tomorrow. The courts can decide.

FRANCOIS
(his face sags perceptibly)
Tomorrow...

CHARAS
The charge can only be murder.

80 CLOSE SHOT CHARAS - SUNSET

at the door he stops.

Cont.

80 Cont.

CHARAS
(with compassion)
I'm sorry for you and the boy. I cannot conceive of any verdict except guilty, or guilty but insane.

81 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - SUNSET

Stares at the closed door in ashen silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

82 INT. FRANCOIS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The uniformed maid pours Henri a little red wind, then tops the glass up with water. Francois tries hard to be interested in the Coc au Vin, which Henri is eating hungrily.

FRANCOIS
Thank you, Yvette.

The maid smiles, slight curtsy, exits. Henri glances curiously at Francois. Then, between healthy mouthfuls:

HENRI
Uncle?

FRANCOIS
(absently)
Yes, Henri.

HENRI
When's Daddy coming back?

FRANCOIS
Soon, Henri.

HENRI
Can I see Mummy again tomorrow?

FRANCOIS
Yes.

HENRI
She's very sick, isn't she?

FRANCOIS
Yes, very sick.

The boy attacks his food with relish, begins to cut his meat.

Cont.

82 Cont.

HENRI
(matter-of-fact)
Do flies live a long time?

83 ANOTHER ANGLE - FRANCOIS FAVORED - NIGHT

He stares abruptly at Henri, stunned. The boy is calmly cutting his meat. Francois recovers before the boy looks up.

FRANCOIS
(with studied dis-interest)
I don't know, Henri. Why?

HENRI
(looking up)
Because I saw the fly Mummy was looking for again.

FRANCOIS
(forcing calm)
Oh? I didn't know your mother was looking for one.

HENRI
Oh, yes, she was.
(happily)
It's growed quite a lot. But I recognized it all right.
(he sips the wine, savoring it)
Umm. This is good.

84 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - NIGHT

Perspiration beads his forehead as he tries to maintain absolute calm. After pause:

FRANCOIS
You recognized it? How?

85 CLOSE SHOT HENRI - NIGHT

HENRI
(simply)
It's head is white instead of black, and it has a funny sort of leg.

And he takes a bite of meat, munching contentedly.

HENRI
It was on your desk, this morning.

86 ANOTHER ANGLE - FRANCOIS FAVORED - NIGHT

He plays with his glass, thinking desperately. After a pause.

FRANCOIS
Oh?
(beat)
I didn't notice it.
(pause)
When did you see this fly the first time?

HENRI
(proudly)
The day Daddy went away. I had caught it but Mummy made me let it go. And then later, she wanted me to find it again. She'd changed her mind.
(shakes head wisely)
You know what women are!

And calmly carries on eating. Francois hesitates:

FRANCOIS
I won't be a moment, Henri ---

He goes over to the door as Henri concentrates on food.

87 INT. FRANCOIS' STUDY - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Night is falling fast. The fire sputters in the grate, drawing menacing shadows around the room. Over comes a slight sound of a fly buzzing against the open window pane. Footsteps approach rapidly. The door jerks open and Francois, drawn with strain, quickly closes it, switches on the light. His breathing is loud as he listens, looks around the room; the sound of the fly has disappeared.

88 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - NIGHT

A bead of sweat trickles down his face. Camera pans him away as he begins to search the room. With growing anger he looks everywhere, then, coming into close shot once more, his anger disappears. A long, hopeless, drawn-out sigh. At length he collects himself, goes to the phone, dials Charas' number. As the dial tone echoes monotonously, a sudden illuminating thought strikes him. Then:

CHARAS' VOICE
(distorted)
Inspector Charas.

Cont.

88 Cont.

Francois quietly replaces the phone. He thinks a moment, hurries out.

DISSOLVE TO:

89 INT. HELENE'S HALL - TOWARD DOOR - NIGHT

Nurse Andersone crosses to the door, opens it. Francois enters.

FRANCOIS
Good evening, Nurse.

ANDERSONE
(surprised)
Why, Mr. Delambre...

FRANCOIS
(easily)
Inspector Charas told me about her relapse. How is she now?

ANDERSONE
Resting quietly, poor lady.

He turns toward the stairs.

90 ANOTHER ANGLE - FRANCOIS FAVORED - NIGHT

ANDERSONE
(surprised)
But, M'sieu ---

FRANCOIS
(easily)
The Inspector said I could talk to her alone for a moment or two. He - knows I'm here.

ANDERSONE
(puzzled)
He didn't say you were coming, M'sieu.

FRANCOIS
(forcing a smile)
He's got a lot on his mind. I won't be long.

He turns quickly to cover his anxiety, forces calmness as he climbs the stairs slowly.

91 REVERSE ANGLE - SHOOTING THROUGH BALUSTRADE FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS - NIGHT

Andersone frowns as she watches him; her eyes fall on the telephone. She makes a half-move toward it, shrugs, exits into kitchen. Francois glances back, sighs, then opens the door of Helene's bedroom.

92 INT. HELENE'S BEDROOM - HELENE FAVORED - NIGHT

She lies listlessly, half awake, half asleep. As Francois closes the door and comes toward the bed, his compassion shows. After a moment:

FRANCOIS
Helene?

HELENE
Oh, hello, dear Francois. I didn't hear you.

She lifts herself on the pillow.

HELENE
(gently)
You look tired.

Francois tries hard to cover his misery and concern for her.

FRANCOIS
(lamely)
Oh - you know - the office.

HELENE
You shouldn't work so hard.

FRANCOIS
How are you?

HELENE
Fine. I feel all right.

The conversation dies. He looks around the room, not knowing how to proceed. After a pause, studying her nails:

HELENE
I'm glad you came. I wanted to ask you somthing.

FRANCOIS
Anything, Helene dear.

93 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

Still studying her nails.

HELENE
How long do flies live?

94 ANOTHER ANGLE - FRANCOIS FAVORED - NIGHT

He sits weakly on the chair, stunned. He collects himself with an effort:

FRANCOIS
I don't know. I think - a month, two months.

Helene tries to hide her shock. Francois studies her intently. Then, deliberately:

FRANCOIS
The fly you were looking for was in my study. Today.

He does not expect the shattering impact his words have on her.

95 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

She jerks her head up, opens her mouth, but no sound comes. In her eyes is screaming fear. She gasps, covers her mouth to choke back the scream.

HELENE
(almost croaking)
Did you - kill - it?

Camera pulls back to include Francois, who tries to pretend calm, as she leans forward.

FRANCOIS
No.

HELENE
(almost shouting)
You have it with you? Give it to me....GIVE IT TO ME!

Her hands reach out as she desperately tries to search him. Francois, aghast, forces her back in the bed.

FRANCOIS
Helene! -- I - haven't got it here.

She subsides dully.

Cont.

95 Cont.

HELENE
Oh ---
(after pause)
But you know now ---

FRANCOIS
What's it all about, Helene?

HELENE
(dully)
You don't have it, or you wouldn't ask.

FRANCOIS
(quickly)
It's in my desk.
(beat)
Tell me what happened.

HELENE
Never, I'll never tell you. Andre -- he wouldn't want me to.

FRANCOIS
(takes a deep breath)
I know you're not mad. I want the truth. Either you tell me or ---

HELENE
Or ---

96 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - NIGHT

FRANCOIS
Or I'll give it to Charas tomorrow.

Camera pulls back to include Helene. A shudder wracks her, in the uttermost depths of misery.

HELENE
You swear you have it?

FRANCOIS
Yes.

HELENE
If I -- tell -- you, will you promise to destroy it at once.

FRANCOIS
(after pause)
I can't do that until I know.

Cont.

96 Cont.

HELENE
Then I can't tell you anything.

FRANCOIS
(desperately)
For your own sake, Helene. You've got to tell me. You're all right. You can be all right, perhaps...

But Helene seems dulled and far away. Francois has lost her. He gets up, bites his lip, not knowing how to force the issue.

FRANCOIS
(harshly)
As soon as they examine it, they'll know. And they'll know you're not insane...

Abruptly Helene comes out of her dullness.

HELENE
No! For Henri's sake Francois - I beg you --- Don't you see, I was expecting the fly. I was hoping it would find me. I promised Andre I would kill it.
(near tears)
What else could it do but go to someone it loves, to me or Henri or you?
(spilling out)
Don't you see it's only for Henri's sake that I'm pretending to be mad? Better I should be declared insane, than to let him be the son of a woman who's been hanged for murder --

Her tears spill, her sobs catch Francois knotting his guts. Grimly, he forces harshness into his voice.

FRANCOIS
I want to know.
(beat)
Either you tell me now or I'll give the fly to Charas.

The silence becomes unbearable. He desperately wants to comfort her, but knows this will not help.

97 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

HELENE
(without looking up)
If I tell you, will you -- tell them?

98 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - NIGHT

He does not know what to answer; a "yes" may blow it, a "no" would be a lie. Camera pans as he bends down, gently takes her hand in his.

FRANCOIS
(softly)
I only want to help you. I can only do that through them. I would tell them.

She hesitates, then runs her hand over his face.

HELENE
Poor, dear Francois.
(pause)
Call Charas, then. I don't want to tell it twice.
(low)
So long as you kill -- the fly -- you promise?

FRANCOIS
(hiding his misery from her)
Yes.

DISSOLVE TO:

99 INT. HELENE'S BEDROOM - MEDIUM SHOT - NIGHT

Charas sits beside the bed; Francois hovers nearby; Helene is deathly pale; the clock ticks loudly.

HELENE
(quietly)
This is not a confession. Although I killed my husband, I am not a murderess.

Camera creeps in to her face.

HELENE
I simply carried out his last wish -- A few months ago...

Over scene comes the faint sound of happy, carefree laughter, Helene's laughter....

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

100 INT. HELENE'S LIVING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT HELENE - HENRI - DAY

Without cessation, the sound of her laughter carries over. She and Henri are romping on the floor, playing happily together. Camera pulls back as footsteps approach and they look up.

ANDRE DELAMBRE, tall, strikingly handsome, wearing long white lab overalls, bustles in excitedly. Through the open window, the garden, heavy with flowers, is inviting.

DANDELO, a large white Persian cat, sits contentedly on the window sill, cleaning herself.

ANDRE
(excitedly)
There you are!

Together, Helene and Henri scramble up, run to his welcoming hug.

HELENE
This is a pleasant surprise, Andre darling.

HENRI
(at the same time)
You going to play with us, Daddy?

ANDRE
(laughing)
Later, Henri. I've got to borrow your mother for a moment. Won't be long, I promise.
(Henri's face falls)
Tell you what. Before you go to bed, I'll play with you.

HENRI
Promise?

ANDRE
(smiling)
Promise.

HENRI
(reluctantly)
All right. I'll play with Dandelo.

ANDRE
Good. But be gentle with her, Henri.

Cont.

100 Cont.

ANDRE (Cont.)
(putting his arm around Helene's shoulders)
Come on, I've got to show you something.

HELENE
(laughing)
But, Andre - we don't see you for days on end; then suddenly you expect ---

ANDRE
(pretending harshness)
Don't argue! Come along. Hurry!

He half drags, half shoves her into the hall, as Henri runs over to pet the cat.

101 INT. HALL - ANDRE - HELENE - DAY

Race the length of the hall, turn down the stairwell to the lower level.

102 INT. LOWER HALL - ANDRE - HELENE - DAY

Enter from the stairs. He unlocks the huge fire door, hurries her inside. Beside the door is a small table on which is a tray with the remains of a meal.

103 INT. MAIN LAB - FULL SHOT - DAY

The lab is stark in its simplicity, dominated by an immense UNIVAC console - perhaps 15 feet long, 8 feet high. The whole front of this gun metal electronic device is a complex of lights in sections, and under these are switches, "pea" lights, dials and indicators. On either side are complicated tape control machines.

The immense wall blackboard is covered with equations, mathematical symbols of the most advanced abstract nature. In the center of the room is a glass box two feet square, on a polished metal stand; above it is a shining mirror electrode, somewhat like a cathode ray tube with an electrode jutting from its center. This is joined to the main console by a heavy insulated cable. To one side, another electrode, joined in the same fashion to the panel, is surrounded by a complex of cathode ray tubes.

Helene looks around astonished. Through a sliding steel connecting door, the second lab can be seen. It too con-

Cont.

103 Cont.

tains similar equipment, and a similar glass box. Both rooms are extremely neat, functional and efficient. Even Andre's desk is tidy, and the papers documented and precise.

HELENE
I'd no idea you'd made so many changes.

ANDRE
(trying to be off-hand)
A completely new line of research.

HELENE
(now excited)
Let me guess. The flat screen TV?

ANDRE
(grinning)
Better.

HELENE
The permanent battery?
(Andre shakes his head)
Not -- not the portable reactor?

ANDRE
(shakes his head smiling)
I'll show you. But first you must promise not to tell a soul --

HELENE
Of course I wouldn't. How could you think ---

ANDRE
Promise?

HELENE
Of course, I promise.

ANDRE
It's too important ---
(softly)
You're the first to see - a miracle.

He looks around then picks up an ornate ashtray.

Cont.

103 Cont.1

ANDRE
(smiling)
Remember this?

HELENE
Our wedding present! From your devoted and very rich Aunt Bess.

ANDRE
(grins)
Yes. The family heirloom!

104 CLOSE SHOT ANDRE - DAY

He holds up the ask tray for her to see; on the bottom is "Made in Japan".

105 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - DAY

She laughs. Her smile fades as she watches him, bewildered by the intensity of his excitement. He opens the glass box, puts the ash tray inside; he gives her a pair of tight-fitting dark goggles, checks panels and dials, then puts on another pair.

ANDRE
Hurry, put them on.

She does as she's told. When he is sure they are in place, he pulls down a hugh switch. A generator whine builds quietly to a jet screech, carries over ---

ANDRE
(softly)
Watch the box.

The room lights dim. Now the Univac comes to life. The tape controls whirr softly. In a moment the whole panel begins flickering. The pitch of sound still builds softly. Then a section of lights comes into phase, glows red. Andre looks around checking. Now another panel sets - blue. And another, green - and another, violet. Still the pitch builds.

106 CLOSE SHOT - BANK OF RELAYS - DAY

The relays start operating. A whole section clicks into place. Then another. And another.

107 ANOTHER ANGLE ON UNIVAC - DAY

Now the whole panel flicks off for two seconds, leaving the room almost in darkness. Helene and Andre are motionless. Then the whole bank of colored lights comes on in unison - brighter than before, flicks off, comes on with ever decreasing time breaks, ever increasing brightness. The soft "screech" builds to crescendo. Now the lights are flashing so fast that they are almost continually on. The central section of lights winks dully. Now they begin to glow, brighter and brighter and brighter, until they are white hot. A split second - all lights on the Univac go out, the tape machines stop - and there is a momentary blinding, soundless flash of light - a ball of fire as bright as the sun - inside the box. Silence.

108 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - DAY

So sudden and blinding is the light that she jerks back slightly, gasps. The lab lights brighten.

ANDRE'S VOICE
You can take the goggles off now.

She does so. Camera moves forward with her as she walks over to the box. Her eyes widen with astonishment.

109 REVERSE ANGLE - THE BOX - DAY

Is completely empty. Camera tilts as Andre half pulls her into the second lab.

110 INT. SECOND LAB - MED. SHOT - DAY

He pulls her toward the second box. Camera tilts to include it. Inside is the ash tray. He takes it out, gives it to her.

HELENE
(bewildered)
It's the same one!
(weakly)
Have you turned magician?

ANDRE
(intensely)
In a way. For a split second, an infinitesimal part of a second, this was "disintegrated". For one little moment it no longer existed - only atoms traveling through space at the speed of light. Then, here --
(indicating the second box)
a moment later, "reintegrated" into the shape of an ash tray.

Cont.

114 Cont.

HELENE
But you can't well, it's not the same. This --
(waving the ash tray)
is solid.

ANDRE
(laughing)
Oh, no, it's not. To your touch, maybe it is. But in reality it's billions of atoms - which we believe are only a series of electrical impulses - and the atoms aren't built on top of one another like a brick wall. There are relatively huge spaces between them.

HELENE
(thinking hard)
You mean you, well, sort of converted this into atoms, then projected the atoms through holes in the atomic structure of the wall.

ANDRE
Precisely.

HELENE
Well, I don't believe it.

Laughter rocks Andre. He puts his arms around her.

ANDRE
Oh, Helene, I love you so much.

115 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - ANDRE - DAY

He kisses her warm - hugs her, lifts her off her feet, carries her around in his boyish excitement.

HELENE
(gasping)
Put me down, Andre!

He lifts her over to a desk, puts her down with infinite care.

ANDRE
There.

Cont.

115 Cont.

HELENE
(studies the ash tray)
You mean you actually did that. It was no trick?

ANDRE
No.
(quietly)
I can transport matter - anything - at the speed of light, perfectly.

Helene is staggered. He muses, carried away by the immensity of his discovery.

ANDRE
Of course, this is only a crude beginning, but I've been lucky enough to stumble on the most important discovery since man sawed off the end of a tree trunk and found the wheel.
(pause)
The "disintrator - integrator" will completely change life as we know it. Think what it'll mean. Food - anything - even humans will go through one of these devices. No need for cars or railways or airplanes - even space ships. We'll just set up matter transmitting-receiving stations throughout the world - and later the universe. There'll never be a need of famine; surplusses can be sent instantaneously at almost no cost - anywhere.
(with humility)
Humanity need never want or fear again.

He turns, full of wonder, smiles at her.

ANDRE
I'm a very fortunate man.

HELENE
(kisses him gently)
No. I'm a very fortunate woman.

She jumps down, looks once more at the ash tray, turns it over. Andre goes to the panel, pulls some switches. Lights dull, flicker out. Behind him, Helene frowns, examines the ash tray more closely.

Cont.

115 Cont.1

HELENE
(smiling)
I hope you don't ever transmit me. I wouldn't want to come out like this.

ANDRE
(puzzled)
What do you mean?

She gives him the ash tray.

116 INSERT - CLOSE SHOT THE ASH TRAY - DAY

On the bottom of the ash tray are the words - "Made in Japan", but they are now reversed: "NAPAJ NI EDAM".

117 TWO SHOT - ANDRE FAVORED - DAY

Andre looks down at the writing, his face suddenly grows pale; Helen's smile evaporates at the intensity of his concern.

HELENE
It doesn't matter, Andre, does it? Does it?

But he doesn't hear her. Stunned, he exits to the other room. Helene follows.

118 INT. MAIN LABORATORY - FULL SHOT - DAY

Andre goes over to the blackboard, frantically begins checking his calculations. Then he starts rapid cross-check, abstract calculations. Helene watches a moment:

HELENE
Andre?

But he doesn't even hear her. She sighs, smiles maternally, exits, closing the door quietly after her.

DISSOLVE TO:

119 INT. LABORATORY - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Seen through the connecting door in the second lab, Andre is checking some dials. The main lab is pool-lit; many dials "blip" from time to time; cathode indicators dance and twirl, and over comes the quiet hum of a generator. He walks tiredly into the Main Lab, his face showing

Cont.

119 Cont.

strain of constant work; two day's growth of beard stains his chin. He pauses beside his desk, on which is a tray with the half-eaten remains of a meal, and drinks absently, concentrating on a slide rule calculation he is making. When he arrives at his result, he plods exhaustedly over to the MAIN PANEL, checks it against a reading on a cathode indicator.

120 CLOSE SHOT - ANDRE - NIGHT

ANDRE
(despairingly)
It's perfect. Everything checks!

Camera pans him away as he sticks the slide rule into his pocket, sits, utterly dejected; idly, his eyes fall on a newspaper - then an idea hits him. He gets up decisively, hesitates, places the newspaper in the glass box, adjusts his goggles, pulls the main switch.

Again the lab lights dim, Univac comes to life. Again sections of lights fix, then the whole panel begins pulsating in unison. The momentary ball of fire. When it clears, the newspaper has disappeared. Andre walks impatiently through to the other lab.

121 INT. SECOND LAB - BOX FAVORED - NIGHT

The newspaper is there. Andre lifts the lid, takes out the newspaper without looking at it. He hesitates, glances down. Happiness spreads over his face, and he lets out a "whoop" of success. He replaces the newspaper in the box, then hurries into the main lab. In a moment the sound builds to crescendo. The blinding ball of fire -- the box is empty.

122 INT. MAIN LAB - CLOSE SHOT ANDRE - NIGHT

Jerking off his goggles, he pulls out the newspaper. Again it is correctly lettered. Beside himself with excitement, he checks through the pages. All are flawless. He glances up as a cat mews outside the window.

123 CLOSE ON WINDOW - DANDELO - NIGHT

Andre opens it, picks up Dandelo, the Persian cat, pets it.

ANDRE
(laughing a little
hysterically)
Hello, Dandelo. What's the matter? Hungry? You know you aren't allowed in here.

Cont.

123 Cont.

ANDRE (Cont.)
(pause)
I don't know what went wrong the first time, but now it's perfect!

As he carries her gently to his desk.

124 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT ANDRE - NIGHT

Camera moves with him as he pours some milk into a saucer, puts the cat near it. He smiles ecstatically as the cat starts lapping the milk. Then, as he watches, his face changes. His lips tremble slightly. Andre hesitates, then picks up the cat ---

125 CLOSE SHOT ANDRE - NIGHT

Camera follows as he puts it into the glass box. Shaking with excitement, he goes out of picture, returns in a moment with the saucer. He puts this into the "disintegrator" with Dandelo.

126 ANOTHER ANGLE - ANDRE - NIGHT

Approaches the Univac; shakily, he reverses a complex of switches. Behind him, Dandelo contentedly laps - the sound is loud. Perspiration beading his forehead as his excitement increases, Andre adjusts the goggles. His hand is on the switch. After a moment, he takes his hand off, starts toward the box ---

But he stops. Dandelo is quite happy. Andre's face closes; he walks back, holds his breath, jerks the main switch.

127 ANOTHER ANGLE - BOX FAVORED - NIGHT

Holding his breath, Andre stares fixedly at the cat, lapping the milk. The lights flicker across his face - red, green, blue, violet. The sound of the relays, mixed with the quiet screech building, building --- The blinding flash. The box is empty. Andre tears his goggles off, exhales. Shakily, he hesitates, then runs into the next room.

128 INT. SECOND LAB - ANDRE - NIGHT

Runs into close shot; his eyes widen with horror. Camera moves to include the "reintegrator". The saucer of milk is there, but Dandelo has disappeared.

129 CLOSE SHOT - ANDRE - NIGHT

He closes his eyes, horrified, opens them, but there is no mistake. The cat has vanished. Panic-stricken, his mouth forms "Dandelo" but no sound comes. When his voice obeys his will, it breaks into abject misery ---

ANDRE
Dandelo --- Dandelo ---

FADE OUT

FADE IN

130 INT. HELENE'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bowls of flowers highlight the room. One exquisite rose is beside the ornate clock which ticks loudly. From the kitchen area comes the cook's voice (Emma):

EMMA'S VOICE
Now you just sit still, Master Henri, and drink your milk like a good boy.

Henri's indistinct rebellion can be heard faintly. Helene, elegant in cocktail clothes, pauses briefly in the hall, checks her hat - a ridiculous affair - in the mirror, pulls on her long gloves. The phone in the living room jangles into life. She glances over testily, enters hurriedly, picks it up.

HELENE
Hello?
(smiles)
Hello, Francois, nice to hear you.
(she listens then smiles mischievously)
Important?
(teasing)
You're getting married?

131 INT. FRANCOIS' OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Francois' office is large, neat, functional. Through the windows, the factory buildings can be seen. His secretary waits patiently with a sheaf of papers nearby.

FRANCOIS
(weakly)
No - no, not yet. Er, I think I like it - this way.
(listens, reddens slightly)
Well, I don't think - I, there's no hurry.
(pause)
Is Andre there?

132 INT. HELENE'S LIVING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT HELENE - AFTERNOON

HELENE
(her face closes slightly)
Andre! I've seen him about two hours in the last two weeks. He eats and sleeps in his lab. He won't talk, or answer the phone. I've had to cancel goodness knows how many dinners.

Cont.

132 Cont.

HELENE (Cont.)
(pause)
Dandelo has disappeared and Henri is acting like a juvenile delinquent. I've even got to go to Professor Augier's this evening alone. Don't even mention Andre's name!
(listens)
I don't know. But if this goes on much longer, I'm going to sue for divorce.

But she doesn't mean it.

133 INT. FRANCOIS' OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - AFTERNOON

FRANCOIS
(quickly)
Oh, you know how he is Helene. It's just till he licks his problem, whatever it is. Just be patient. He's really ---

134 INT. HELENE'S LIVING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT HELENE - AFTERNOON

HELENE
(laughing)
You men stick together!
(pause)
Anything I can do?
(listens)
All right. If I see him I'll tell him. Got to run, Francois. Bye!

She replaces phone. At that moment, Andre's hands grab her, turn her around. She gasps with surprise.

HELENE
Andre! Where and what ---

He is clean shaven, rested and happy. Gaily he lifts Helene off her feet, kisses her warm, stopping her question at its source. Then:

HELENE
Now, what have you been ---

ANDRE
Listen, darling. Sorry about the last couple of weeks. I had - a setback, but it's all right now.

Cont.

134 Cont.

Helene touches his cheek, kisses him lightly.

HELENE
I didn't mind - well, only just a little.

135 CLOSE SHOT ANDRE - AFTERNOON

ANDRE
(containing his excitement, just)
Call Augier and cancel out. He won't mind. We're going to celebrate. By ourselves!

136 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - AFTERNOON

Her face lights up.

HELENE
Wonderful! I didn't want to go.
(pause)
Francois called about some special equipment.... He's sending it down now.

ANDRE
(kisses her quickly)
Good. By the time you've changed --

HELENE
But --

ANDRE
(exiting happily)
Tickets for the ballet. We'll eat at Tour d' Efelle first.

HELENE
(excited)
Ballet? But --

ANDRE
You'll have to hurry...

Helene smiles after him, shakes her head, hurries upstairs, begins humming a snatch of Tchaikovsky which carries over and...

DISSOLVE TO:

137 INT OPERA HOUSE - BOX - CLOSE SHOT PROGRAM - NIGHT

...melts without cessation into a full orchestra playing the music. The program is on Andre's knee. It reads...

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Presents (Check)
Ballet Russe

He is holding it in his left hand, tapping to the beat of the music. In a moment, his right hand comes into picture with a pencil, and he begins to make abstract calculations on the program.

138 ANOTHER ANGLE - ANDRE FAVORED - NIGHT

He is humming the music, his head moves slightly in time with the beat, but he is concentrated on his equations. Helene, classically beautiful, sits beside him, lost in the music. Her gown is simple, a strapless emerald sheath, enhancing the whiteness of her shoulders and the vividness of her hair. Over the back of her chair is her pastel mink coat, lined with a silk that picks up and accentuates the color of her eyes. Andre, like the other men in the box - which seats four couples - is in dinner jacket.

Helene glances over, happily. She looks down, sees the busy pencil. Her smile sets slightly, then she gives him a slight, sharp dig in the ribs with her elbow. He glances up startled, but now she is looking back at the stage. She takes his hand, holds it. Andre smiles, turns his attention to the stage.

139 SHOT ON STAGE - NIGHT (STOCK)

The ballet progresses. Dancers twist and turn. The music is warm and kind.

140 ANOTHER ANGLE - FULL SHOT (STOCK)

Showing the whole of the auditorium and the ballet.

141 ANOTHER ANGLE ON BOX - NIGHT

Andre and Helene are close to one another. He puts his arm around her, to the sour disgust of the couple behind them; but they do not notice, and Helene likes to be near him. The music carries over to...

DISSOLVE TO:

142 INT. MAIN LAB - NIGHT

...Helene humming the final snatches of the music as Andre opens the door of the lab for her, closes it. To one side is a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket, two glasses on a tray. She watches as he puts the tray into the "disintegrator".

ANDRE
We'll finish a delightful evening with "reintegrated" champagne.

Her eyes crinkle into a half-smile as she walks over to him, turns him around, puts her hands on his neck. She is very close to him. Very.

HELENE
(softly)
Finish?

ANDRE
(his slow smile comes)
Well - not quite.

HELENE
Oh? What then?

ANDRE
(teasing)
What do you suggest?

She smiles, half-shrugs.

ANDRE
(long pause - softly)
You're -- in an unscientific mood.

HELENE
(twinkling)
You don't approve?

ANDRE
(wanting her - half-smiles)
I didn't say that.

But when he goes to kiss her, she slips away abruptly.

HELENE
(laughing)
Will the champagne be as good as ever?

Cont.

142 Cont.

ANDRE
You're a --
(grins)
Exactly the same. Ready?

She has her goggles on in a second. He adjusts his own, then pulls the main switch.

Univac operates efficiently - the color panels are switched. The note of the sound has changed slightly. The blinding flash. The tray has disappeared. Helene hurries to the second lab.

143 INT. SECOND LAB - NIGHT

Helene approaches, lifts the bottle out, examines the writing. It is as it should be.

HELENE
(excitedly)
It's all right, Andre.

ANDRE'S VOICE
I know. Take them out, will you?

She does as she is told, puts the tray on a desk; then goes back to the connecting doorway.

144 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

Her smile fades.

145 REVERSE ANGLE - NIGHT

There is a guinea pig in the box; Andre stands beside the panel.

HELENE
(anxiously)
No. Andre. Don't..It might not work. I won't allow it.

146 CLOSE SHOT ANDRE - NIGHT

His goggles already in position.

ANDRE
(quietly)
It will be all right. Put your goggles on, darling.

147 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

Nervously, hesitantly, she puts on the goggles. The sound builds, colored lights flicker across her. The blinding flash blots out her face. Then she tears her glasses off, turns anxiously to the "integrator".

148 ANOTHER ANGLE - BOX FAVORED - NIGHT

The guinea pig contentedly wrinkles its nose. Helene is weak with relief.

HELENE
It's - astounding! It WORKS!

ANDRE
I test ran it this morning. No ill effects.

HELENE
You've succeeded! Completely! It's unbelievable!

ANDRE
We'll have to wait and see. I'll know for sure in a few weeks.

HELENE
I don't understand.

ANDRE
(petting the guinea pig)
Have to see if all it's organs are intact. If it's alive in say a month, then we'll pronounce the experiment successful.

149 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

HELENE
May I look after him?

150 CLOSE SHOT ANDRE - NIGHT

ANDRE
(smiling)
It's a her. But you can.

Camera includes Helene as she goes to his arms, kisses him. When she nestles against him they both look down at the animal.

HELENE
For one month she's mine.

Cont.

150 Cont.

ANDRE
(smiles)
Don't kill her with over-feeding!

HELENE
(after a pause)
It's a little - frightening, isn't it?

ANDRE
Yes.
(pause)
The first live experiment was ---
(shudders)
disastrous.

Helene looks at him questioningly.

ANDRE
(reluctantly)
Dandelo....

HELENE
(shocked)
Dandelo?
(he nods)
Andre - how could you?

ANDRE
(unhappily)
She disintegrated perfectly but never reappeared. I don't know why, even now. I redesigned the projecting device, and now - it's perfect.

HELENE
But where has she gone?

ANDRE
(shudders)
Into space. A stream of cat atoms. It would be funny, if life weren't so sacred.

151 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

Worriedly, she studies him.

HELENE
Promise me, Andre. No more experiments with animals.

152 TWO SHOT - ANDRE FAVORED - NIGHT

ANDRE
(calmly)
There's no need any more. One success is enough.

HELENE
Promise?

ANDRE
I promise. No more experiments with - animals.

He turns to hide the excitement coming into his eyes.

153 ANOTHER ANGLE - ANDRE FAVORED

Helene looks down at the guinea pig.

HELENE
(quietly)
It's frightening - it's like playing God.

ANDRE
God gives us intelligence to uncover the wonders of nature. Without the gift nothing is possible.

HELENE
(going to his arms)
I get so scared sometimes, Andre. The suddenness of our age. Electronics, and rockets and super-sonic flight and earth satellites and A bombs and H bombs and now this! It's not so much who invents them -- but the <u>fact</u> they exist.

ANDRE
But you're not frightened of TV or radio or X-rays or electricity --
(smiling)
or that the earth is round.

HELENE
No - but it's all happening so fast. I'm just not ready to - to take it all in. It's all so quick.

ANDRE
(holding her tight)
Do like Henri does. Just accept them as part of our normal life. They are facts - wonderful facts.

Cont.

153 Cont.

HELENE
The H bomb is wonderful?

ANDRE
To Einstein, Teller and other scientists - yes - a fantastic leap into progress.
(pause)
Remember, darling Helene. No scientist would ever use fission against humanity. It is others who insist, others call the shots. All we do is seek truth.. the reason behind the universe and all it contains.

HELENE
(quietly)
I think it's dangerous - to seek a truth, find the H bomb, and let it be in human hands.

ANDRE
Humanity will grow up.

HELENE
(nodding at the box)
Perhaps this is just as dangerous.

ANDRE
(laughs)
It's not, but don't worry. I'm very careful. One step at a time -
(grins)
Which brings me to the champagne!

He eases the cork out. They laugh as it shoots across the room.

154 ANGLE ON CORNER OF THE ROOM - THE CORK - NIGHT

Falls at the foot of some packing cases with half unpacked elaborate equipment. Camera tilts to see the shadow, embryonic forms of two new glass boxes. About six foot two high. Enough to hold a man.

HELENE'S VOICE
I love you so much, darling. It's so wonderful being married to you.

Their reflections in the glass move together. The champagne is forgotten.

ANDRE'S VOICE
And to you, my love.

They kiss and are one.

DISSOLVE TO:

155 INT. LAUNDRY - OFF KITCHEN - DAY

The guinea pig, reflected in the glass of the partition door between the kitchen and the laundry, nibbles contentedly. Emma, the cook, is gaily kneading dough in the kitchen, humming to herself. In a moment, Helene enters from the hall, crosses toward the partition door.

HELENE
(faintly)
That looks good, Emma.

EMMA
(faintly)
Thank you, ma'am.

As Helene opens the door, camera pulls back to reveal part of the laundry and the guinea pig's cage. The cage is set to one side, on a table; the animal is appreciably larger. Above the table is a "HEALTH CHART" split into days. It lacks but one mark to fill the chart. Helene smiles happily, makes the final mark.

HELENE
You're the healthiest guinea pig in the whole world.

She gives it some lettuce leaves, glances out the window, brightens:

156 REVERSE ANGLE - THRU WINDOW - DAY

Andre is lolling on a bench in the garden, his hands behind his head, contemplating the sky.

HELENE
Andre ---
Andre!

He looks over, waves. Helene opens the back door, goes toward him.

157 EXT. GARDEN - SHOT ON BENCH - ANDRE - DAY

Does not move. Helene joins him, smiles down.

HELENE
You'll catch cold.

ANDRE
(shakes head)
Not today.

There is an immense elation in him, but it is controlled, and only just noticeable.

Cont.

157 Cont.

HELENE
What are you doing?

ANDRE
Just looking at the sky.
(pause)
Looking at God, perhaps.

She looks skywards, then after a pause, smiles gently down at him.

HELENE
You're a strange man, Andre. So precise and practical, yet so - I don't quite know how to put it.

ANDRE
So aware of the Infinite? The more I know, the more sure I am - I know so little. The eternal paradox.
(pause)
You said you were frightened by progress. I'm..I'm filled with the wonder of it.

She sits, pleased with his company. Her hand rests lightly on his. At length:

HELENE
Spring'll soon be here.

ANDRE
I like spring the best. All life growing, renewing itself.
(sighs deeply)
It's fantastic to be alive.

HELENE
How do you mean?

ANDRE
(quickly)
Oh, I don't know - I'm just ---
I'm so happy to be alive, that's all.

She bends down, kisses him.

HELENE
And so am I.

ANDRE
You marry me again, if you had your time over?

Cont.

157 Cont.1

HELENE
(smiles)
I - think so.

ANDRE
(grins)
You were so ugly when we were in school. So scruffy - disgusting!

HELENE
(laughing)
You weren't exactly spotless. Francois was always after you.

ANDRE
Dear old Francois.

HELENE
He's not so old.
(pensively)
I wish we could find a nice girl for him.

ANDRE
Split yourself in two, then he'll marry.

HELENE
Nonsense. He got over that years ago.
(grins)
I should have picked him.

ANDRE
You wouldn't have dared.

They laugh together, sit for a moment enjoying the day.

HELENE
The guinea pig's completely successful, isn't it?
(he nods)
Is that why you're so excited?

ANDRE
No.
(quickly)
I mean, yes, of course.

HELENE
(after pause)
I'd hate to be locked in a cage!

Cont.

157 Cont.2

HELENE (Cont.)
(pause)
Well, I've got a lot to do!

She gets up, waves at a fly which buzzes nearby.

HELENE
Francois's coming to lunch.

ANDRE
Oh?
(pause)
Bring him down to the lab. We'll show him. Now.

HELENE
Wonderful! Shall I call Augier and the Air Ministry scientists?

ANDRE
(shakes head)
There's no hurry. I don't even know how and why parts of it work yet. It's too important -
(grins)
It's too impossible.

HELENE
(laughing)
Poor Francois. He'll never believe it.
(kissing him lightly)
Don't stay out too long. You look tired, darling.

ANDRE
The last thing I am is tired.

DISSOLVE TO:

158 INT. HELENE'S HOUSE - HALL - TOWARD STAIRS - DAY

Helene is hanging Francois' coat in a hall closet.

HELENE
--- and we're finishing with crepes suzette.

FRANCOIS
What's all the celebration about? I'm only coming for lunch.

HELENE
(throw-away line)
Andre wants you to see something.

FRANCOIS
(excitedly)
In the lab?

Now she smiles; nods.

FRANCOIS
(excitedly)
What is it?
(pause)
Flat screen?

HELENE
Better. No more questions. Come on.

She leads the way to the stairway. Both are excited as they turn down the steps - exit.

159 INT. LOWER HALL - CLOSE SHOT HELENE - FRANCOIS - DAY

They approach, Helene leading.

FRANCOIS
I've only been invited into the lab three times. Each time I came out with a potential million dollars...

HELENE
(her excitement dies)
Oh dear!

FRANCOIS
What's the matter?

Then he too looks off.

160 REVERSE ANGLE ON LAB DOOR - DAY

There is a hand-written note pinned to it.

"I am working. Do not disturb me."

161 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - DAY

HELENE
We won't see him for lunch.

FRANCOIS
(grunts)
I know what you mean.
(laughs)
His writing gets worse and worse.

HELENE
(turning away)
How annoying! And I had filet mignons. What a waste!

HENRI'S VOICE
Mummy -- Mummy - where are you?

HELENE
Just coming, Henri!

She runs up the stairs.

162 INT. UPPER HALL - HENRI - DAY

Runs muddily out from the kitchen as Helene comes into the hall.

HELENE
Yes, darling?

HENRI
(bubbling over)
I got something to show you.

HELENE
(correcting him)
I have something to show you.

HENRI
(holding a match box in his grubby fist)
I've caught such a funny looking fly. You want to see it?

HELENE
You let it go at once. You know how your father disapproves of catching insects.

HENRI
(insistently)
But Mummy, it's not like any fly I ever seen. It's got a funny white head and a sort of white leg...

Cont.

162 Cont.

HELENE
(firmly)
You let it go at once. Come along.

She takes his arm, herds him to the front door, opens it, a muddy trail in the boy's wake.

163 EXT. FRONT DOOR - HENRI FAVORED - DAY

Watched by Helene, Henri reluctantly opens the box, releases the fly. Behind her, at the far end of the hall, Francois enters from basement. Now she sees Henri's muddy trail.

HELENE
Look at the mess you've made!

HENRI
(grumbling)
Best fly I ever caught ---

Helene glances back at Henri, hides a smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

164 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In the foreground, Helene is curled up in an armchair, reading. The clock, showing 10:30, ticks loudly. Her horn rimmed reading glasses give her a studious look, contrasts strongly with her flattering negligee; her hair is tied back simply. The kitchen door, across the hall, opens and Emma approaches.

EMMA
Was there anythin' else, Madam?

HELENE
No, thank you, Emma. Good night.

EMMA
Shall I leave something for the Master?
(offended)
Didn't touch a bite of his dinner.

HELENE
(surprised)
Oh?

Cont.

164 Cont.

EMMA
Fetched up 'is tray an hour ago. Still outside the door it was. His favorite pastry!
(huffs)
And me slavin' over the stove all day!

HELENE
(calming her ruffled dignity)
Never mind. He probably didn't hear you knock.
(pause)
I'll see if he wants anything.

EMMA
Thank you. Goodnight, Madam.

HELENE
Goodnight, Emma.

Emma exits through kitchen. Helene's brow furrows slightly; after a moment, she walks out, heading for the lab.

165 INT. LOWER HALL - NIGHT

The stair light floods on. Helene slips down the stairs and camera follows her to the door. The note is still in place.

HELENE
(calling)
Andre -- Andre --

There is no answer. After a pause, she hears him moving around inside.

HELENE
I'm going to bed. Is there any ---

Helene looks down, stops abruptly as:

166 CLOSE SHOT - BOTTOM OF DOOR - PAPER NOTE

A typewritten piece of paper slides underneath the door. She kneels down into picture, picks it up. Camera rises with her. Frowning, she begins to read it:

HELENE'S VOICE OVER
Helene, I've had some trouble ---

Cont.

166 Cont.

HELENE
(her eyes jerk to the door)
TROUBLE! Andre -- Andre -- What's the matter? Andre -- answer me, please.

She knocks and calls to him, more than a little frightened.

HELENE
(louder)
Andre!

There is still no reply. Nervously she reads the note:

HELENE'S VOICE OVER
(rapidly)
-- had some trouble. I'm counting on you not to lose your nerve --
(aghast, her eyes go to the door, then down to the paper)
-- for only you can help me. I've had a serious accident ---

HELENE
(brokenly)
Oh, Andre!
(then, once more reading)

HELENE'S VOICE OVER
But I'm not in danger at the moment, though it is a matter of life or death.

Helene shudders.

HELENE'S VOICE OVER
It's no good calling to me or saying anything, I CAN'T ANSWER. I CAN'T SPEAK.

The paper begins to shake in her nervous fingers. Helene tries desperately to control her rising fear.

HELENE'S VOICE OVER
(increasingly rapid)
You've got to do exactly AND VERY CAREFULLY what I tell you. Knock three times to show you understand and agree, then fetch me a bowl of milk laced with rum.

Cont.

166 Cont.1

Stunned, she slowly looks up from the paper to the door.

HELENE
(incoherently)
Bowl - of - milk?
(breaking)
Andre - ANDRE!

Her hand goes weakly to her forehead, then calming with an immense effort, she knocks three times. After a moment, she hears the typewriter tapping again, and, a little reassured, dashes away.

167 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Helene's footsteps approach hurriedly. She enters, white faced, snaps on the light, runs quickly to the refrigerator gets out the milk. In her haste, she knocks over a container of food, smashing it on the ground. Behind her is the door leading to Emma's quarters. Helene jerks open a cupboard, trying not to make noise, but her nervousness clatters the bowls against one another. Emma's door opens, and, half in pins, she comes out:

EMMA
Anythin' I can do, Madam?

HELENE
No, no thank you. I - I can manage.

Emma's astonishment grows as she sees the mess on the floor, and Helene pouring the milk into a bowl. Helene, feeling her curiosity:

HELENE
Goodnight, Emma.

EMMA
Er - Goodnight, Madam.

Reluctantly, Emma closes her door. Helene exhales deeply, gets the rum. Shaking, she laces the milk, spilling some in her anxiety, exits. Emma's door opens cautiously; she peers at the liquor bottle and the empty milk container with complete amazement.

168 INT. LOWER HALL - NIGHT

Helene tries not to spill the bowl. As she gets to the last step, Andre's typing ceases. Footsteps approach the door. Another note is pushed under it. She puts the bowl down, picks up the note, her fingers trembling, reads:

Cont.

168 Cont.

HELENE'S VOICE OVER
(nervously)
When you knock, I'll open the door. Walk over to my desk and put the milk on it. Then go into the other lab and try to find a fly.

HELENE
(astonished)
A fly?

Then she goes back to the note.

HELENE'S VOICE OVER
You will easily recognize it- it's head is white. Don't hurt it - just give it to me.

Then suddenly - she remembers...

HELENE
Henri...Oh, Andre, I ...

It takes her a moment to collect herself, then she starts reading again.

HELENE'S VOICE OVER
(shakily)
Before you come in you must promise to obey me implicitly. Do not look at me, talking is useless, I can't answer. Knock three times to show I have your promise. My life is in your hands.

With a great effort, she quietens herself, knocks three times. Andre shuffles to the door. The lock is fumbled back, the door swings open. Only a single light over his desk and dim blips from the indicators illuminate the main lab. The second lab is ablaze with light. Helene takes a deep breath, walks in.

169 INT. SECOND LAB - SHOOTING THRU CONNECTING DOOR - NIGHT

In the foreground is part of the man-size glass "integrator". She hesitates, momentarily, silhouetted in the light from the hall, then firmly approaches, puts the bowl on the desk. As the door is closed, the strip of light through the doorjamb, races briefly over the figure of Andre, standing behind it, then the room is again in darkness.

Cont.

169 Cont.

HELENE
(without looking around - gently)
You can count on me, darling.

Helene brushes a stray strand of hair out of her eyes, enters the second lab. As she stops in close shot, she gasps:

170 REVERSE ANGLE - SECOND LAB - NIGHT

It is as though a cyclone has hit it. Papers are strewn about the floor. The curtains have been ripped from their rods, and the rods themselves are half torn out from their sockets. Only the "teleportation" equipment is untouched.

171 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

She steps forward, camera dollying in front of her. As she sees the huge glass "integrator" her face drains. Behind her, the dim figure of Andre shuffles to the connecting door; slowly it closes, leaving only a narrow crack. Andre's figure passes between the light, stumbles to the desk. The silence is only broken by her breathing. In a moment, a ghastly, gurgling, sucking sound comes from the main lab. With great effort, she fights back her horror: the sound builds, suddenly ceases:

HELENE
(talking with difficulty)
Andre -- it's not in here.
(desperately)
If you can't talk, knock-knock once for "yes", twice for "no". Do you understand, darling?

After a pause, a rap breaks the stillness. Controlling her breathing with an effort:

HELENE
Can - I - come - in?

The silence seems endless. Then Andre raps "yes". Holding her breath, Helene turns.

172 INT. MAIN LAB - TOWARD CONNECTING DOOR - NIGHT

Part of Andre's back, and his left hand can be seen. He stands watching the door, waiting. Helene opens it, her hand goes to her mouth.

173 REVERSE ANGLE - NIGHT

Half in the light, half out of it, Andre stands silently watching her. Over his head and shoulders is a small cloth, his right hand tucked up underneath it. Camera follows her as she steps nervously up to him then goes in close.

HELENE
We'll find the - the fly tomorrow, Andre. Don't worry. As soon as it's light, I'll start.
(pause)
Why - don't you go to bed? I'll - help - you. No one'll see you. I promise.
(breaking)
Oh, Andre, darling --

Andre raps sharply "no". Trembling, she looks away.

HELENE
Do you need a doctor?
(he raps "no")
Would you like me to call Professor Augier? He might be able to...
(Andre raps sharply "no")

HELENE
(after agonized pause)
Henri caught a fly this morning. I -- I didn't see it but he said it's - it's head was white.

She looks up, brimming with tears.

HELENE
I made him let it go.

A strange, metallic sigh emanates from Andre. He jerks slightly:

174 ANOTHER ANGLE - FROM BEHIND ANDRE - NIGHT

The slight movement is followed by a sweeping one, as his right arm swings from under the cloth, hangs almost below his knees. It is no longer an arm, more like a grey stick with buds all over it, and on the end is a single talon sucker. Helene is paralyzed with horror; she tries to stop her scream by biting her hand fiercely but it still comes. As Andre half steps forward, she backs away, terrified. He stops, points to the door

Cont.

174 Cont.

with his left hand. She stumbles over, scared out of her wits, sobbing brokenly - pulls the door open, goes into the hall. Andre snaps the lock, switches on the lab lights. He hesitates, again the metallic sigh, then his hand grasps the cloth, begins to pull it away...

175 ANGLE ON DESK - CLOSE - NIGHT

After a moment, Andre comes into picture, sits in front of the typewriter. Only his shoulders and left hand can be seen. His hand begins picking out a message.

176 INT. LOWER HALL - NIGHT

Helene is trying to stop her sobs. She hears the typing, listens intently. From time to time a shudder wracks her. The typing stops, footsteps approach. Helene jerks away from the door as a note is slipped under it. Her shaking hand picks it up.

177 INSERT - CLOSE SHOT - THE NOTE - NIGHT

The note reads:

"COME BACK IN MORNING. WILL TYPE EXPLANATION. NEED YOU FRESH AND STRONG TOMORROW, POOR DARLING. SORRY.

178 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

HELENE
(trying to be brave)
I'm all right now, Andre, I'm sorry darling. Don't worry, I'll find the fly.
(pause)
Do you need anything tonight?

Andre raps "no".

HELENE
Try, try to get some sleep. Good-night, darling.

She hesitates, hurries upstairs. The lights click off. In a moment, the typing begins again, blends over to:

DISSOLVE TO:

179 INT. HELENE'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT WINDOW PANE - DAY

The blind cord taps against the window pane in the slight breeze. Outside the pane, a large fly buzzes, lands, begins cleaning itself. It is just too far away to see clearly, but it looks as if its head is white...

180 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - DAY

The bedside lamp is still on. The clock reads 7:10. Helene is asleep, then suddenly awake and upright. She smiles weakly, thinking she has just had an awful nightmare. She smiles over at Andre's empty pillow; her face drains as she sees it is untouched - that the lamp still burns - and under it, the uncapped bottle of sleeping pills - that she is still in her negligee. And all at once she knows it was no dream. Pale, she gathers courage, hurriedly gets out of bed, runs out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

181 INT. LOWER HALL - SHOOTING TOWARD LAB DOOR - HELENE - DAY

carrying a tray with coffee and milk and breakfast rolls, hurriedly puts the tray down, knocks. In a moment, Andre opens the door. Once more he has the cloth over his head.

182 INT. MAIN LAB - ANDRE FAVORED - DAY

Helene enters, puts the tray down. The divan, like his clothes, is crumpled. On the desk is another note. She picks it up, looks back at him. His left hand motions her into the second lab and he closes the door behind her.

183 INT. SECOND LAB - HELENE - DAY

sits heavily, begins to read. As the ghastly sucking noise from the main lab begins, she looks back abruptly then forces her attention back to the note.

HELENE'S VOICE OVER
(shakily)
"REMEMBER THE ASH TRAY EXPERIMENT? I HAVE HAD A SIMILAR ACCIDENT. I TRANSMITTED MYSELF SUCCESSFULY YESTERDAY MORNING. BUT IN A SECOND EXPERIMENT, A FLY, WHICH I DID NOT NOTICE, WAS IN THE DISINTEGRATOR WITH ME. WHEN WE REINTEGRATED, OUR ATOMS WERE MIXED. NOW, MY ONLY HOPE IS TO FIND THE FLY. I'VE GOT TO GO THRU THE MACHINE ONCE MORE WITH IT, AND PRAY OUR ATOMS UNTANGLE. IF YOU CAN'T FIND IT - I'LL HAVE TO DESTROY MYSELF."

Cont.

183 Cont.

Panic-stricken, Helene runs to the door. Just before she jerks it open, she remembers.

HELENE
May I come in, Andre?

A scurry of movement; he raps "yes". Camera follows her through the door. The cloth covers his head.

HELENE
Don't worry, Andre. I'll find that fly. It can't be far away.
(bursting out)
You mustn't talk about destroying yourself. You must'n. I'll call Professor Augier and the other scientists; they'll help you...

She starts back at the vehemence of his rap, "no...NO... NO!"

HELENE
Don't be angry, darling, I only thought...
(controls her misery)
Please promise you won't do anything -- please.

After a pause, he raps, "yes", softly.

HELENE
(taking a firm grip)
Let me - see your - face. I won't -- be afraid. I promise.

He raps "no" immediately and violently.

HELENE
All right, darling.

He holds out his left hand. She takes it, kisses it, runs out quickly. Again the strange, metallic hisssss.

DISSOLVE TO:

184 INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT EMMA - DAY

Blank astonishment is written on her face.

EMMA
Flies, Madam?

185 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - DAY

She tries to be off-hand.

HELENE
Yes. Close all the windows.

EMMA
(blankly)
Catch flies?

HELENE
(edged)
I've told you, Emma. A fly escaped from the lab. We've got to find it. It's - got a white head.

HENRI'S VOICE
(from garden)
Mummy...Mummy!

Helene whirls, darts for the garden door through the laundry. Emma stares after her, shakes her head.

EMMA
(to herself)
Don't know what's got into this house.

Over comes the soft buzz of a fly. She spots it, begins stalking it, grotesquely, humorously. The sound of the garden door opening.

HENRI'S VOICE
Here, Mummy. I got lots.

HELENE'S VOICE
(trying to be calm)
Let me see.

186 EXT. GARDEN - HENRI FAVORED - DAY

He is watching in raptures as Helene anxiously examines his marmalade jar, in which are a number of flies.

HELENE
Where is it, Henri? Are you sure you caught it?

HENRI
The white one? Oh, no, I haven't caught it yet.

HELENE
(furiously)
I TOLD YOU TO FIND THAT FLY.

Cont.

186 Cont.

Henri reels back frightened. Helene shakes, tries to calm.

HELENE
I'm sorry, Henri darling -- but -- you've got to find it. The white one, only the white one.

Henri kicks the turf, turns away. All the fun has gone out of him. Helene hesitates, bites lip, runs inside.

187 INT. KITCHEN - EMMA FAVORED - DAY

She sparkles with concentration, sneaking up on an unseen fly. It buzzes, settles. Immediately the swatter smashes at it. At that instant Helene comes into the kitchen. Horrified, she dashes over as:

EMMA
Got you!

Helene, with the strength of a madwoman, whirls her away.

HELENE
(shouting)
YOU FOOL! I SAID CATCH THEM! DON'T KILL THEM!

She shakily picks up the dead fly, looks at it closely. She sighs with relief when she finds it is an ordinary fly. Collecting herself, she turns to Emma, who is stunned.

HELENE
(weakly)
I'm sorry, Emma - it's just that -- Be - please - just catch them ---

She tries to go on, cannot. As she exits, Emma stares after her.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

188 INT. LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - SUNSET

The windows are tight shut. Night is growing fast. Over comes the drone of a single fly.

189 CLOSE SHOT - BOTTOM OF WINDOW - SUNSET

The bottom corner of the glass is cracked and there is a small hole. Near the hole is a fly. A big fly. Camera is just close enough to see, vaguely, that its head and

Cont.

189 Cont.

one leg are almost white. For an instant, there is the strangest, tiniest, thinnest piping sound - almost more imagined than heard - of Andre laughing diabolically, then over comes the sound of the front door opening, closing, and the mad laughter ceases.

190 ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD LIVING ROOM DOOR - SUNSET

Tired, haggard with strain, Helene enters, flops weakly on a chair. Her hair is straggled, her face smudged with dirt.

EMMA'S VOICE
(excitedly)
Madam. There's one in the hall.

Helene dashes out.

191 INT. HALL - HELENE - SUNSET

Switches on the lights. Her eyes find the fly as Emma, on the stairs, points. Emma, too, is tired and dirty. Helene stalks it. Her hope drains as she examines the fly. Then snapping, furiously smashes it to oblivion. After an ashamed pause:

HELENE
(bitterly)
It's hopeless; we'll never find it.
(tiredly)
Henri -- Henri --

HENRI'S VOICE
(from the garden)
Coming --

HELENE
Would you - make dinner, Emma, please. I'm sorry - I've been...

Her voice trails off as she turns into the living room. Emma pushes her hair into some semblance of order, wearily makes for the kitchen.

192 INT. LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - SUNSET

Henri's feet patter up. Even he is tired and his butterfly net trails. Helene does not even notice his muddy feet marking the carpet.

Cont.

192 Cont.

HELENE
(dully)
Get ready for dinner; there's a good boy.

HENRI
(sighs)
All right, Mother.

Over comes the faint buzz of a fly. Helene glances up dispiritedly, as Henri begins to exit.

193 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - SUNSET

Dully, her eyes follow the fly around the room. It drones monotonously, then settles. Suddenly she sees it clearly, sits bolt upright, hope flooding her being. She bites back a shout of exultation.

HELENE
(softly)
Henri -- Henri!

194 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - SUNSET

Her eyes are fixed on a lamp as he turns.

HELENE
Gently, Henri. I see it. Don't move.

She gets out of her chair carefully. Henri stares toward the lamp.

HELENE
Get some sugar - quick.

Henri backs out. Helene, her eyes never leaving the fly, closes the door. Trying to control her breathing, she checks that the windows are closed. In a moment, feet patter back. She pulls the door open, eyes fixed on the fly. Emma and Henri enter. She takes the box of sugar.

HELENE
(urgently, but quietly)
It's on the lamp.

195 ANOTHER ANGLE - LAMP FAVORED - SUNSET

The fly can just be seen, then the sound of it buzzing away. All their eyes follow its movement. Emma and Henri

Cont.

195 Cont.

are infected with her complete concentration. The fly settles. Now very carefully, Helene goes to the sofa, pours sugar over it. She comes back, waits.

HELENE
Stay by the door, Henri. Don't hurt it. Be very careful.

She tries to hold back her mounting excitement as she takes Henri's net. Again the fly buzzes. Again they hold their breath as it flies around, settles on the candelabra. Helene stalks it. A wild sweep with the net, another, but the fly drones away. Breathlessly she stands still. The slightest movement makes a strangely loud sound.

196 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - SUNSET

Perspiration beads her forehead, eyes following....

197 CLOSE SHOT EMMA - SUNSET

Her eyes follow too.

198 CLOSE SHOT HENRI - SUNSET

With all the concentrated effort of youth, he follows it. The sound ceases.

199 ANOTHER ANGLE - SOFA FAVORED - SUNSET

Their eyes are fixed on the sofa. The fly is on the sugar. Helene approaches it. Her net sweeps down. The fly buzzes away.

HELENE
(crying out)
Emma - it's near you.

Emma waves desperately. Henri runs over toward a window, misses also.

HELENE
(trying to keep level)
Wait - wait. It'll settle.

The sound ceases. Helene darts at the bookshelf. Her swing misses, catches a lamp, smashing it carelessly to smithereens. Once more they stand like statues.

200 ANOTHER ANGLE - HENRI FAVORED - SUNSET

Their eyes go to a window, as the buzz stops. Henri snatches the net, catches the fly deftly.

HENRI
(shouts)
I got it.

Helene races over to him; Emma runs over too.

EMMA - HELENE
Where? Are you sure? Good boy!
Let me see. Be careful.

201 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT GROUP - SUNSET

Helene peers at the net. Again the tiny voice comes over, screaming with rage. The fly squirms angrily. Hope brimming in them, they squint down eagerly. One hope-filled second, then the fly extricates itself, buzzes away. Ashen, Helene whirls around, darts after it.

202 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - SUNSET

As she goes after it madly, careless of furniture or lamps or anything. It settles on the window.

203 CLOSE SHOT EMMA - SUNSET

She stares at Helene shakes her head with astonishment.

204 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - SUNSET

Eyes bright, net poised, she comes slowly forward into close shot. Then her eyes flutter as she almost faints with anxiety.

205 CLOSE ON WINDOW PANE - SUNSET

The fly perches on the edge of the hole. Again the tiny, tiny sound of Andre's hysterical laughter.

206 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - SUNSET

HELENE
(almost croaking)
Oh, God -- please -- don't let it
go out --

207 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - SUNSET

Rigid with anxiety, Helene stares down.

Cont.

207 Cont.

HELENE
(licking her lips)
Don't move. Henri! When I get outside, try to catch it in the curtain. Don't harm it.

HENRI
All right.

Helene backs away carefully. When well away, she darts for the door.

208 INT. HALL - HELENE - SUNSET

Runs to the front door, tears it open.

209 EXT. DOOR - DOLLY HELENE - SUNSET

Camera rips along with her as she races toward the window, careless of flower beds and restraining bushes. As she stops, dolly stops. Carefully she approaches the window.

210 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT WINDOW PANE - SUNSET

The fly is half-in, half-out of the window. Suddenly it goes through.

211 EXT. WINDOW - HELENE - SUNSET

At the same instant, she hurls the net at the hole, covering it. Simultaneously, Henri attempts to trap the fly with the curtain. Desperately she tries to close all the openings. The fly is caught. No. The angry buzz. Perhaps it is imagination, but the buzz seems to melt into:

ANDRE'S VOICE
(screaming)
Let MEEE GOOOOOOO!

And it flies into the garden, free. Camera follows as Helene turns wildly, stumbles after it. Brambles rip her. Branches smack into her face.

212 EXT. WINDOW - CLOSE - EMMA AND HENRI - SUNSET

Henri and Emma peer through it at Helene. Emma shakes her head with shocked disbelief. Henri watches sorrowfully.

213 EXT. GARDEN - NEAR BENCH - HELENE - SUNSET

Night is coming fast now. A last hopeless, agonizing second, then all sound, but that of a frog croaking nearby, ceases. The fly is gone. She knows she will never catch it now. Her face drains.

HELENE
(pathetically)
Oh, God -- please - please let me catch ---

She sinks, beaten, on to the bench. As her misery overwhelms her, a tremor shakes her. Camera goes in close and tears spill down her cheeks, and racking sobs shake her bowed shoulders. In a moment, Henri runs up. Only his tiny, grubby hand touching, caressing her bowed head can be seen.

HENRI'S VOICE
Don't cry, Mummy, don't cry -- please - we'll catch it - tomorrow -- don't worry. Please, please, don't cry, Mummy.....

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

214 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT ORNATE CLOCK - NIGHT

The clock ticks loudly; it reads 9:20. Camera pulls back slowly to see Helene sitting staring into space. Her face, still smudged, is madonna-like in its gentleness. She just stares, lost in though. From the kitchen area Emma and Henri talk faintly. Nothing disturbs her revery; only the clock ticks, ticks. Across the hall, the kitchen door opens, and Henri, in bed clothes, comes out quietly. Perhaps he senses her utter loneliness, for his footsteps are feather-light.

HENRI
(hesitantly)
Mummy -- Mummy?

He touches her softly. Helene slowly sees him.

HELENE
Yes, my darling.

HENRI
I'm - I'm going to bed.

HELENE
(softly)
Sleep well, my pet.
(kissing him)
Love you.

Cont.

214 Cont.

HENRI
You won't cry anymore?

HELENE
No. No more.

HENRI
(after pause)
Is Daddy going to see me before I go to sleep?

HELENE
He's - working.
(she kisses him again)
That's from him. He'll - look in on you before, before he goes to bed.

HENRI
He works too much, Mummy. You tell him for me, will you?

HELENE
I'll - tell him.

HENRI
'Night.

HELENE
Sleep well.

He exits, a little reluctantly. Emma comes out of the kitchen. Helene is quite calm.

EMMA
(calling after him)
I'll bring some milk up to you, Henri.

HENRI
All right, Emma.

As his footsteps die away, she enters hesitantly.

EMMA
You should eat something, Madam.

HELENE
(quietly)
I'm not hungry, thank you.

EMMA
I fixed the Master's supper. Shall I take it down?

Cont.

214 Cont.1

HELENE
No, it's all right. I'll do it now.

EMMA
Yes, Madam.

215 CLOSE SHOT - EMMA - NIGHT

At the door, she turns back. Helene's calmness worries her. After a pause, trying to keep the disbelief out of her voice:

EMMA
We'll find it tomorrow.

216 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - NIGHT

HELENE
(quietly)
Yes - yes. Thank you, Emma, dear.

Emma exits, frowning, to her quarters. The clock ticks. Helene's eyes fall on the telephone. After a moment, she picks it up decisively, dials, as camera moves in close.

HELENE
(into phone)
This is Mme. Delambre.. Is Professor Augier there?
(her face falls)
Oh!
(beat)
When will he be back?
(abruptly)
Ten days?
(thinks a moment)
Can I reach him anywhere? It's very important.
(listens - her hope fades)
I see. Thank you.

She replaces phone. Now she dials another number.

HELENE
This is Mrs. Delambre. Are any of the Ministry scientists ---
Yes I know it's late. It's very imp---
(listens)
Tomorrow? But ---
(bitterly)
Thank you.

Cont.

216 Cont.

She hesitates, then once more dials.

HELENE
Yvette? Mme. Delambre.
(then changing her mind)
No, it doesn't matter. M'sieu Francois couldn't --- Thank you. No. Don't disturb him. 'soir.

She takes a deep breath, replaces the phone deliberately, exits firmly.

DISSOLVE TO:

217 INT. LOWER HALL - NIGHT

Behind the locked door, Andre can be heard pacing up and down. Helene comes down the stairs, carrying a tray. She puts it down, knocks. Her calmness is eerie. Andre opens the door. The cloth covers his head.

218 INT. MAIN LAB - HELENE FAVORED - NIGHT

As she silently enters, puts the tray on his desk. She hesitates, faces him.

HELENE
We -- caught the fly, but it got out, into the garden. I'll look again tomorrow.

The metallic hiss weakens her calmness slightly. Andre indicates typed paper. Then points to the food, and last to the connecting door.

HELENE
You - eat. I'll read it here.

Andre raps "no" sharply. She hesitates, then picks up the note, walks firmly into the next room, closes the door. Camera goes in close on the tray as he walks rapidly over to it. His hand tosses the cloth from his head onto the desk, grabs a handful of the mashed potatoes, puts it in the cup with some milk, stirs it into a pulp. Then it takes hold of the thick steak. The fingers twist, trying to tear a small piece off. For a second the nails tear at it, then the revolting fly arm comes into picture; the barbed hook-sucker rips at the meat viciously, tearing it apart. The metallic hiss. Now the hand, with a piece of meat, goes out of picture. The hiss grows angry, violent, and the meat is hurled against the wall. His hand shakily picks up the potato mash:

219 INT. SECOND LAB - HELENE - NIGHT

is startled by the nauseating sucking noise. Ashen, she shudders, rereads the note:

HELENE'S VOICE OVER
"IF YOU HAD CAUGHT THE FLY, YOU WOULD NOT BE READING THIS..... I KNOW YOU WILL NEVER CATCH IT NOW. IT'S HOPELESS. THERE ARE THINGS MAN SHOULD NEVER EXPERIMENT WITH. NOW I MUST DESTROY EVERYTHING - EVEN MYSELF, FOR NO ONE MUST EVER KNOW WHAT I DISCOVERED. IT'S TOO DANGEROUS. I'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY. IT'S NOT EASY AND I NEED YOUR HELP."

Holding onto herself grimly, Helene goes back to the door.

HELENE
Andre?

Andre raps "Yes?"

HELENE
You can still think, Andre. You can't destroy yourself; you mustn't talk about it. You've still got your intelligence. You're still a man with a soul. You've no right to destroy yourself. We'll find the fly tomorrow, I know we will.

The typewriter starts tapping, slowly, discordantly. Helene fights her fear. Then a note is slipped under the door. She grabs it.

220 INSERT CLOSE SHOT THE TYPED NOTE - NIGHT

The note reads:

CAN'T WAIT. CAN'T THINK EASY SINCE MORNING. BRAIN SAYS STRANGE THINGS NOW.

221 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

Anxiously she rereads it.

HELENE
(almost to herself)
Think easy?
(abruptly - to Andre)
You've got to give me more time.

Cont.

221 Cont.

The rap "No" is sudden and strong.

HELENE
(frantically)
Why? Why won't you wait?

The typewriter begins once more.

222 INT. MAIN LAB - CLOSE SHOT TYPEWRITER (SHOOTING BEHIND ANDRE) - NIGHT

The hand picks at the keys; the fly talon comes into picture, wavers over the typewriter. Then it touches the human hand, almost as though it is, of its own volition, trying to stop the typing. The hand stops; grabs the fly hand out of the way, shoves it aside, begins typing once more. The fly arm quivers on the desk, waiting.

223 INT. SECOND LAB - HELENE - NIGHT

Her calmness, or pretense at calmness, is slowly dropping. The typing stops. The note is picked up with nervous hands.

HELENE'S VOICE OVER
"FEEL MY WILL GOING. SOON CAN'T CONTROL. ALREADY STRAIN. VERY DIFFICULT THINK STRAIGHT. PLEASE NO QUESTIONS."

HELENE
(desperately)
Then you've got to tell Professor Augier and the other scientists! They'll help you. You know they'll do anything to help you. You must wait until ---

She jerks back at the furious knocking, "No...no...NO... NO!" A pause, and, uninvited, she turns the door handle. As the door opens, Andre just has time to hide behind the cloth, then drape it over his head.

224 INT. MAIN LAB - ANDRE FAVORED - NIGHT

Helene, pale and trembling, goes over to him. He towers over her. The metallic hiss comes over.

HELENE
I've another idea. Remember the ash tray experiment? Go through again. It worked before...

Cont.

224 Cont.

HELENE (Cont.)
(he raps "No")
Why? Please, please try it. You've got to try it.

The metallic hiss. Andre gropes his way to the typewriter. His hand slowly touches the keys. Hesitantly, trying not to look at the cloth covering his head, she reads over his shoulder. The message spells out. His hand stops to tuck the fly arm under the cloth, just before it comes out.

HELENE
(reading)
"NO GOOD. GOT - TO HAVE FLY."

Andre jerks as her hand touches his shoulder. The metallic hiss is sibilant.

HELENE
(pleading)
Please, Andre. Just for my sake. Maybe it will work. Please. Please. I beg you.

Slowly Andre's head nods. He points to the glasses. She runs over, puts them on, stands looking at him.

225 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - NIGHT

Andre hesitates. Like a blind man groping his way, he walks slowly over to her. His hand, trembling slightly, reaches out, caresses her hair and face and neck. Helene catches it, kissing it.

HELENE
Oh, Andre, darling. I love you and want you so much. Please, please let this come out right.

She smiles up at him. After a pause, almost with an effort, Andre stops caressing her, slowly turns her around. Now she faces directly at the "integrator" in the second lab.

HELENE
Hurry, darling. It will work.

226 ANOTHER ANGLE - ANDRE FAVORED - NIGHT

He gropes his way to the main switch, pulls it down, then enters the "disintegrator". The door slides to

Cont.

226 Cont.

with a dull thud. Now Univac begins operating. The multicolored lights flicker; then the individual panels set. Now, as before, the whole console goes off for a moment as the sound builds. Now the central lights gradually glow. The note rises to crescendo. Univac dies. The soundless, blinding ball of fire. The cubicle is empty.

227 REVERSE ANGLE - THRU CONNECTING DOOR INTO SECOND LAB - NIGHT

Andre, cloth-covered, steps weakly out of the "reintegrator". He leans against it drunkenly, and as Helene goes forward, his hand goes up to his head to feel it through the cloth.

HELENE
(desperately, positive)
It has worked - hasn't it?

She runs as he staggers slightly, almost falling. Her arms steady him, then, brimming with hope she looks up at his head.

HELENE
(exultantly)
You're all right now! I know it's worked!

...and before he can stop her, she pulls the cloth away.

228 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

Her eyes stare with unbelief, then horror distorts her face and she screams.

229 CLOSE SHOT ANDRE (FLY HEAD) - NIGHT

In shocking close shot, the fly head is grotesque... Black and hairy, with two enormous prismed disc eyes set like variegated bumps on the side of the head. The mouth is a slit under which hangs a short, quivering trunk that widens slightly at the end, trumpet-like. Helen's screams come over, shattering and horrified. Camera pulls back to see her cower away from the monster, trying to choke back the terror-screams by biting her hand. Andre goes toward her. Out of her mind with horror, Helene backs away shrieking. Now the metallic sigh is pitiful. His hand reaches out. Helene is petrified; a last agonized scream and she crumples in a dead faint. The silence is heavy. After a moment, the metallic sigh breaks from the monstrous head. As he passes a large wall mirror he

Cont.

229 Cont.

catches sight of himself. In utter silence, the eyes stare at the reflection. His whole body shakes - the metallic sigh is almost tragic. Then, with a sudden vicious blow, the fly arm tears the mirror off the wall - smashes it into a million pieces.

230 ANOTHER ANGLE - ANDRE FAVORED - NIGHT

With great pathos, Andre kneels beside Helene. It is impossible to lift her with only his human left hand. Then the fly arm reaches under her; he picks her up, carries her to the divan, lays her on it gently and tenderly.

231 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - NIGHT

Her face is pale, deathly pale. His hand touches her face, the fly eyes canted toward her. But the fly arm also lies across her, and it too, seemingly not controlled by Andre, begins touching her, rubbing against her body. Ghastly as the head is, now there is a pitiful quality to it. The hand is trying to speak, trying to tell of his love, trying to say what he cannot now say. Suddenly, his hand stops, the head turns to look at the fly arm which still rasps gently against her. It slows, almost stops, then begins anew. Andre's hand crosses, jerks the fly arm away. At first the human part is dominant, but gradually, the fly arm asserts itself, and goes back to her body. His hand reaches out to tear it away, but the fingers contort, hesitate. And when the hand touches her once more, there is no gentleness in the caress, only growing desire. The metallic hiss is sharp; then the head bends toward her. There is no mistaking the tautness in the fingers as they hold her hair, turning her head, nor yet....

232 CLOSE SHOT (PROFILES) HELENE - FLY HEAD - NIGHT

...the crossing movement as he twists above her. The head cants a million-prismed eye at her. His weight begins to press down. Then, suddenly, he jerks away...

233 ANOTHER ANGLE - ANDRE FAVORED - NIGHT

...and staggers through the connecting door into the main lab.

234 INT. MAIN LAB - ANDRE - NIGHT

He leans back weakly against the door, fighting the insect deep within him. The awful eyes seem desperate as the head twitches, left and right. Andre grabs a fire axe, staggers to the Univac, smashes the front panel, begins crashing the glass cabinet to pieces, tearing, destroying. Softly at first, a cat in agony is heard. He runs over to his desk, jerks out his note file, puts it in a high metal drum used as a trash can, sets it afire. Then once more he begins smashing, tearing, destroying. The scream of the cat grows, carries over.....

235 INT. SECOND LAB - CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

Her eyelids flicker as she slowly regains consciousness. The sound of the havoc being wrought in the main lab comes over, but is almost as though she doesn't hear it. She shakes her head to try to clear her mind but she is dazed - almost in a trance. As the sound of the wrecking ceases, she raises herself looks off dully.

236 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - NIGHT

The ghastly fly head is staring at her silently in the doorway. When the thing walks over to her, she just looks up, her face frozen, emotionless. The sigh breaks from the slit mouth, then the head jerks around to see the "reintegrator". In a frenzied second ---

237 CLOSE SHOT ANDRE - NIGHT

--- it is smashed to pieces, and along with it the rest of the equipment. The fly arm curls around the shaft of the axe as it rips into the electronic devices.

238 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

She watches emotionless -- dulled.

239 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - NIGHT

A last raging second, a last agonized scream from the cat, and everything is destroyed. Silence. Andre hurls the axe down, and once more the eye is canted towards her. He begins to approach her, stops, then forces his legs toward the connecting door. There, his hand beckons her. Shakily, she gets off the divan. He goes through to the other room, stands beside the blackboard.

240 INT. MAIN LAB - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

In a trance, Helene watches from the doorway. In large, scrawling, drunken letters, he chalks ---

Cont.

240 Cont.

NO USE NOW. HELP ME, BUT DON'T COME NEAR ME.

He wavers, forces his hand to write:

KILL THE FLY PLEES

Then, as though against his will, the eye slowly cants to look at her.

241 ANOTHER ANGLE - ANDRE FAVORED - NIGHT

She stands half silhouetted in the doorway, desirable, beautiful. The fly head watches her for seemingly an eternity. His fingers snap the chalk - the sound is an immense crack. The metallic hiss grows vicious. Then the head is forced to the blackboard. With tortured effort, his hand writes:

LOVE YOU

A last point at the DON'T COME NEAR ME and Andre staggers to the door which leads out to the factory. He opens it, beckons her to follow him, exits.

242 EXT. PRIVATE DOOR LEADING TO FACTORY COURTYARD - NIGHT

Camera pans him around as he drunkenly heads for the hydraulic press shed. After a moment, Helene emotionlessly follows him. Andre reaches the door of the shed, throws it open,

243 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - NIGHT

The grotesque head is illuminated in the doorway - its shadow seems to reach along the ground to embrace her, as, like an automaton, she follows him inside.

244 INT. HYDRAULIC SHED - ANDRE FAVORED - NIGHT

He is at the switchboard which is near the press. He pulls down the MAIN SWITCH. A generator begins its "whine up"; the stroke is set to Zero, and the poundage to 50 tons. He points to the RED release switch, then goes over to the bed of the press. Cathedral bells chime in the distance.

245 ANOTHER ANGLE - ACROSS PRESS - NIGHT

Andre climbs on to the steel bed, puts his head under the mass of the hammer. The fly arm trembles as he lays it beside his head. His human hand points toward the release switch. Helene, still completely dazed, comes closer. The fly arm twitches and begins to move.

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246 ANGLE AT DOOR - CLOSE SHOT - CAT - NIGHT

Gaston's cat, Satan, stands at the door, watching. Suddenly its hair stands on end; an unholy scream of terror bursts from it, and it disappears into the night.

247 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

The hair-raising scream whirls her head around and all at once she snaps out of her trance. She looks around bewildered, white and shaking. Camera pulls back, and she turns. Now she sees the thing staring at her. Helene jerks back, terror-stricken but the fly arm snakes out, catches her dress, holds her. She tries to fight out of its grasp but it pulls her relentlessly toward the press. Crying with terror, Helene looks around wildly, pushes the release button, then uses both hands to fight for her life.

248 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON PRESS - NIGHT

The oiled machinery begins to descend.

249 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - ANDRE - NIGHT

With utter loathing she tries to tear the fly arm away - only Andre's human hand, clinging desperately to the steel bed, prevents him getting off the press. The eye cants to look at the mass of the hammer, coming down inexorably.

250 ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING UP - NIGHT

The hammer is three feet over them. The insect in Andre, now almost completely dominant, wants her, and wants to live; only the human hand prevents it. His body jerks up. The head bends toward Helene, who fights with all her strength. The metallic hiss is vicious, angry. The hammer touches the head. Andre shrinks, holds onto Helene, looks at the hand. Then as the press forces the head to lower and lower, it releases Helene, tears the hand free, tries to squirm out from under the press, but it is just too late.

251 CLOSE SHOT HAMMER - NIGHT

Slowly it begins to press the head against the steel bed. Then an awful, hair-raising scream bursts from the tortured mouth.

REVISED - "THE FLY" - 3/6/58

252 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

She staggers back, then drunkenly heads for the door. The sound of the press descending ceases with a gentle sigh. At the door, panting, she looks back once more, freezes.

253 CLOSE SHOT - PRESS - NIGHT

Andre's head seems to have been pushed into the mass of the hammer. But the fly arm hangs, swaying slightly, untouched.

254 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - NIGHT

Barely able to make her legs move, she approaches the press, camera dollying with her, she hysterically presses the "UP" switch. The press sighs. Fighting her fear Helene stops the hammer, lifts the twitching fly arm into the picture, lays it under the hammer. She presses the "DOWN" button, turns and flees.

255 ANOTHER ANGLE - HAMMER FAVORED - NIGHT

On the bed of the press, the fly arm awaits it obliteration. It twitches slightly. The hammer descends. Camera hesitates, then pans slowly as Helene's footsteps fade away, and other footsteps approach. Then camera centers the far door. It is pulled open. Gaston, the nightwatchman, enters, begins looking around, bewildered.

END OF FLASHBACK

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

256 INT. HELENE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

She lies exhaustedly in bed. Watching her closely is Charas; Francois stands nearby, looking out at the coming day. The besdie clock shows 6:10 A.M. Her fingers tremble as they push a lock of hair in place.

CHARAS
(at length breaking the silence)
A - strange story, Mrs. Delambre.

HELENE
It's - hard to believe, isn't it?

CHARAS
What happened to his notes?

HELENE
I destroyed them.

CHARAS
And the writing on the blackboard?

HELENE
I rubbed it out.

CHARAS
(after pause)
I see.
(sighs, gets up)
Well, I must be going. Thank you - for telling me.

257 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - DAWN

HELENE
(looking at her fingers)
It -- it wasn't wrong to destroy -- the thing, was it, Inspector?

258 CLOSE SHOT CHARAS - DAWN

CHARAS
A fly-headed human?
(shakes head)
No.

259 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - DAWN

HELENE
(simply)
It wasn't Andre. I couldn't have hurt Andre, but I'm - glad, very glad the - thing is dead.

Cont.

259 Cont.

FRANCOIS
(breaking the silence, uncomfortably)
I'll see you out, Inspector.

HELENE
Francois --

FRANCOIS
I - won't be a moment. Is it all right if I come back, Inspector?

CHARAS
(after a pause)
Of course.

He bows to Helene, exits, Francois following.

260 INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - CHARAS - FRANCOIS - DAWN

Come onto the landing. Nurse Andersone is waiting to go back into the room. Charas draws her aside, has a whispered conversation with her. She nods, then as he follows Francois down the stairs, she goes into Helene's room.

FRANCOIS
(on the stairs)
Inspector ---

CHARAS
(cutting in)
Walk me to my car, would you?

261 INT. HALL - HELENE'S HOUSE - CHARAS - FRANCOIS - DAWN

They come down into the hall. Francois stops Charas.

FRANCOIS
(quietly)
Inspector...

CHARAS
(quietly)
Do you believe that story?

FRANCOIS
(quickly)
It explains all the facts. The reason for the press. The fly -- everything.

262 ANGLE - CHARAS FAVORED - DAWN

CHARAS
True. But I asked you if you believed it.
(tiredly - when Francois can't answer)
I'm only a policeman, not a science fiction enthusiast. But I do not believe what she said... It can't happen.

FRANCOIS
You don't - didn't know Andre. He was a genius in some ways ---

CHARAS
Possibly. But matter cannot be transmitted. The story is - impossible.

263 CLOSE SHOT CHARAS - DAWN

CHARAS
(he looks at his watch)
I will be back at ten with a warrant for her arrest -- on the charge of murder. Nurse Andersone has been instructed not to leave her for -- any reason.

264 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - DAWN

FRANCOIS
(bitterly)
But, Inspector -- maybe it's the truth.

Camera includes Charas.

CHARAS
(calmly)
It is the truth -- to her.
(compassionately)
I'm satisfied now, she's quite insane. Don't worry. She won't hang.

FRANCOIS
Well, I'm not satisfied ---

CHARAS
I wish I could help you, M'sieu. The lady needs doctor's care -- permanently.

Cont.

264 Cont.

CHARAS (Cont.)
(gently)
It is better this way, for there's no telling when she might - attack someone else. Perhaps the boy --

He opens the front door. His car, parked outside, can be seen in the driveway. Francois, deep in his misery, stares at him, then bursts out ---

FRANCOIS
There must be something we can do to prove ---

265 CLOSE SHOT CHARAS - DAWN

CHARAS
(quietly)
There is.
(beat)
Show me the fly.

266 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - DAWN

His face drains. Charas closes the door. After a moment the sound of the car driving off. Francois' hand shakes as he rubs his forehead. In a moment, he collects himself, turns back to the stairs.

267 INT. HELENE'S BEDROOM - NURSE ANDERSONE - DAWN

is punching the pillows more comfortably for Helene, who lies back tiredly. Then she putters around, tidying up. Francois comes in, trying to hide his anxiety.

HELENE
(sighing)
Hello, Francois, dear.
(pause)
I have your promise. Please -- kill it now.

268 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - DAWN

FRANCOIS
Yes -- yes, of course.

Camera follows him to the bed. He covers his misery; Andersone watches carefully in the background.

Cont.

268 Cont.

HELENE
(gently)
I'm glad I told you.

FRANCOIS
Yes.

HELENE
(seeing the misery in him)
You mustn't worry, dear Francois. Everything will be all right now. Won't it?

He nods dumbly. She sighs, closes her eyes sleepily.

HELENE
It was lucky you found the fly. Otherwise - well, I'm glad I don't have to go to an insane asylum.
(shudders)
I don't think I'd last very long, locked up in a cage.

His hand seeks hers. She opens her eyes briefly, smiles.

HELENE
Andre would be very proud of you, Francois.

Francois tries to speak, cannot. She holds his hand against her cheek, closes her eyes.

HELENE
(sleepily)
I'm so happy I trusted you.

She is soft asleep. Dumbly, Francois gets up, exits. Andersone looks down at Helene, shakes her head compassionately.

269 INT. HALL - HELENE'S HOUSE - TOWARD STAIRS - FULL SHOT - DAWN

As Francois comes down the stairs, his complete depression weighs heavily on him. Coming into close shot he stops, rubs the shadow of his beard tiredly. He glances off, hearing Emma puttering in the kitchen, exits towards it.

270 INT. KITCHEN - EMMA FAVORED - DAWN

She is setting out Helene's breakfast tray. A kettle is almost boiling on the stove. She looks up as Francois enters.

EMMA
'morning, M'sieu Francois.

FRANCOIS
Morning Emma.

EMMA
How's the Mistress, sir?

FRANCOIS
As well as -- can be expected.

EMMA
Such a lovely lady.

FRANCOIS
Emma - when --
(quickly)
When you had this mad search for a fly -- did you see it?

EMMA
Oh yes. I saw it.

271 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - DAWN

He chooses his words carefully.

FRANCOIS
What did it look like?

272 CLOSE SHOT EMMA - DAWN

She glances off as the whistle of the kettle begins. Camera follows as she takes it off the gas.

EMMA
Just a fly.
(turning the flame down)
I'd say it was a blue bottle, you know, quite a large one.

273 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - DAWN

FRANCOIS
But - did it -- look any different?

274 ANOTHER ANGLE - FRANCOIS FAVORED - DAWN

Emma shakes her head, pours a little boiling water into the teapot.

EMMA
Not to me, it didn't.
(as she goes to the sink, empties the water out)
She and Henri were saying it's head was white. But --- it was just a fly.

FRANCOIS
(nods tiredly)
Thank you, Emma.

EMMA
(putting tea in the teapot)
Can I fix you some breakfast, sir? A nice cup of tea -- or coffee...

FRANCOIS
No. No thank you.

He exits wearily towards garden. After a pause Emma shakes her head, thoughtfully finishes making the tea.

275 EXT. GARDEN - FRANCOIS - DAWN

Comes out, looks around. Now he begins an aimless search of the garden and grounds. Near the kitchen door is a trash can.

276 ANOTHER ANGLE AT TRASH CAN - DAWN

The lid is half off. A few flies buzz intermittently. Francois peers down half-heartedly, tries to get a close look at the flies. Then he wanders dejectedly to another part of the garden.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

277 EXT. GARDEN - FULL SHOT FRANCOIS - DAY

Cathedral bells begin to ring the changes. In the depths of his depression, Francois sinks on to the bench, forlorn and lonely, in the midst of the garden. Camera begins to move slowly toward him. From afar a dog barks, and cars hoot busily. Near tears, he listens to the bells, and as the strokes begin, his mouth counts

Cont.

277 Cont.

silently -- "one, two, three, four" -- The sound of each stroke gets increasingly louder as camera moves in to the bench, centering the edge of it, losing him. A large spider's web is caught between the bench and a branch. At the top of the web, a black hairy spider is poised, watching. In the center, a fly squirms and twists in frenzy. "Seven - eight - " crash out, camera goes closer, close enough to see the fly's HEAD IS WHITE. Over comes the thin, tiny scream of terror:

ANDRE'S VOICE
Helpppppp! Helpppppp!

Instantly the sound is drowned by the boom of "Ten" as it crashes out.

278 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - DAY

His lips from "ten". A long, drawn out sigh shakes him. Over comes the sound of cars approaching, then stopping. He jerks up, looks off.

279 REVERSE ANGLE - DAY

The police car and an ambulance are at the front door. Charas and a plainclothesman get out. The ambulance doors open. Two burly male nurses, stark in white, jump down. One carries a folding stretcher. A young, spectacled doctor joins Charas.

280 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - DAY

He shakily exits to meet them. Camera holds on edge of the web; only the spider can be seen.

ANDRE'S VOICE
(tiny, thin scream)
Helpppp meeeee! HELPPPP MEEEEE!

281 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHARAS FAVORED

Francois joins him.

CHARAS
We - can manage quite easily, thank you, M'sieu Delambre.

FRANCOIS
(helplessly)
I - I thought - I ought to be here.

Cont.

281 Cont.

CHARAS
(reaching into his pocket)
Do you wish to check the warrant? As next of kin you --

FRANCOIS
No. No. I'm sure ---

He cannot go on. Charas sighs, nods to the doctor and they go to the front door.

282 INT. HELENE'S BEDROOM - AT WINDOW - NURSE ANDERSONE - DAY

Lets the curtain drop; camera follows as she goes over to the bed. Helene is peacefully asleep. Andersone shakes her. She awakes.

ANDERSONE
Time to get up, now, Madame.

HELENE
(stretching luxuriously)
I slept so well -- wonderfully.

Footsteps and faint voices approach softly.

HELENE
Is it a nice day?

ANDERSONE
Yes.

She holds out Helene's heavy dressing gown.

HELENE
I think I'll have the silk one.

ANDERSONE
(calmly)
Take this one. You must be warm.

HELENE
(smiles)
I'm not going out.

A knock on the door. Helene looks over; Andersone starts. Helene gets into the dressing gown as Andersone goes to the door, opens it.

283 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - DAY

Her smile fades.

HELENE
Hello, Inspector --

CHARAS' VOICE
Good morning, Mrs. Delambre.

Her face drains:

284 REVERSE ANGLE - DAY

Behind Charas, taut-faced, the medical orderlies, with the stretcher and the police doctor enter the room.

HELENE
I don't understand....

CHARAS
(officially)
I have a warrant for your arrest for murder. I must caution you; anything you say may be taken down and used in evidence against you.

285 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - DAY

Disbelief is on her face.

HELENE
But -- I told you everything, Inspector.

286 ANOTHER ANGLE - FRANCOIS FAVORED - DAY

As, beside himself, he comes into the room.

CHARAS
(gently)
It is for the court to decide.

HELENE
But you said it was not wrong to kill a - thing.

CHARAS
(compassionately)
You have to come with us, Madame.

Helene sees Francois.

Cont.

286 Cont.

HELENE
(incoherently)
Francois -- didn't you show it --
(cries out)
You didn't destroy it before --
(Francois dumbly shakes his head)
Then why ---
(to Charas)
But you SAW IT!

CHARAS
(after a pause)
I'm afraid - I did not, Mrs. Delambre.

287 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - DAY

FRANCOIS
I -- I told you a lie, Helene.
I -- never had it -- I never had it.

288 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - DAY

HELENE
You - never - had - it?

289 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - DAY

He shakes his head, unable to speak.

290 ANOTHER ANGLE CHARAS FAVORED - DAY

Without looking at the young doctor he nods his head. The doctor moves over.

DOCTOR
If you'll just come with us, Madam...

Helene stares at Francois:

HELENE
(incoherently)
You - never - saw - it?

The doctor hesitates, then takes her arm. She resists. Francois can bear it no longer. He jumps over, pulls the doctor's arm away.

FRANCOIS
(savagely)
Get away from her.

Cont.

290 Cont.

FRANCOIS (Cont.)
(desperately to Charas)
She doesn't have to go. I demand that I first have time to talk to my attorneys. Doctor Ejoute will care for her.

CHARAS
(quietly)
I have already consulted him. The patient is well enough to be moved.

FRANCOIS
(angrily)
I don't believe it.

CHARAS
(takes out an official document)
Here is his diagnosis, and <u>authority</u>.

He gives the paper to Francois, who scans it rapidly; Charas nods to the two orderlies. They move over, Francois looks up.

FRANCOIS
(urgently)
Wait...wait...

CHARAS
(gently)
Don't make it more difficult, M'sieu.

291 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - DAY

The orderlies move over. One takes her arm, firmly but kindly.

ORDERLY
Here you go, Ma'am. You'll be all right.

The other orderly stands near Francois, between him and Helene. Helene starts to struggle. She cannot break the hold. At a nod from Charas, the doctor turns away from her, checks a hypodermic..

HELENE
Francois - don't let them take me - I don't want to go -- Don't let them lock me up ---

Cont.

291 Cont.

HELENE (Cont.)
(she struggles harder)
Francois -- help me --
(breaking)
HELP MEEEEEEE!

Francois makes half a step forward. The orderly, a fixed smile on his face, does not budge. In the b.g. Nurse Andersone deftly opens the stretcher, lays the straps back. Helene sobs piteously.

292 ANOTHER ANGLE - FRANCOIS FAVORED - DAY

Sweat beading his forehead, Francois' mad rage is rising fast. The orderly moves confidently to intercept the inevitable berserk attack.

293 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHARAS FAVORED - DAY

Charas doesn't like this any more than Francois. But it is his duty. Helene's terror rises; Francois is just about to break. Suddenly the sound of the front door opening, slamming to.

HENRI'S VOICE
Mummy -- mummy?

Immediately Helene, Francois look off aghast:

HELENE
(desperately)
Francois -- Francois - Don't let him see me like this - please -- please...

As Francois runs toward the door, the doctor quietly gives her the injection. She doesn't feel it.

294 INT. UPPER HALL - HENRI FAVORED - DAY

He is half way up the stairs, as Francois comes out, intercepts him.

FRANCOIS
(trying to speak levelly)
You can't see her - at the moment, Henri...Let's - let's go for a walk.
(pause, tries to force smile)
I know! I'll take you to a movie.

Cont.

294 Cont.

HENRI
But they don't open till this afternoon.

FRANCOIS
(putting his arm around Henri's shoulder)
We'll go this afternoon, then.

HENRI
Is the ambulance for Mummy?

FRANCOIS
(with difficulty)
Yes, Henri.

HENRI
Is she going to be all right?

They turn down the stairs. Francois' misery overwhelms him. It is difficult for him to speak.

FRANCOIS
Oh, yes - all right.

HENRI
I ran all the way over here.

FRANCOIS
Oh?

HENRI
Yes. I wanted to see how she was. I wanted her to play with me.

They reach the bottom of the stairs.

FRANCOIS
She would like that, Henri - but she can't...not now...

HENRI
(pause)
When's Daddy coming home then?

FRANCOIS
(almost breaking)
Soon, Henri - soon.

They reach the front door.

Cont.

294 Cont.1

HENRI
(matter of fact)
I seen that funny looking fly again.

FRANCOIS
(not listening)
Oh?

HENRI
Which movie shall we go to?

FRANCOIS
Any -
(abruptly)
You say the fly? Where?

HENRI
(nodding at the garden)
It's in a web. A spider's going to get it. By the bench. In the garden.

For a moment Francois can't speak.

FRANCOIS
You're sure?

HENRI
Oh, yes.

Francois turns, runs madly up the stairs.

295 INT. HELENE'S BEDROOM - HELENE FAVORED - DAY

She is lying on the stretcher. Now the sedative is beginning to work - her eyelids flicker. The door slams open. Charas and the orderlies whirl.

FRANCOIS
Quick, Inspector - it's in the garden - quick --

CHARAS
(exhales)
M'sieu. Delambre, please...

FRANCOIS
Henri's seen it. It's there. I beg you. Please...PLEASE....

Charas sighs, humoring him:

Cont.

295 Cont.

CHARAS
All right, show me where.

Francois runs out; before he follows, Charas jerks his head to the doctor, indicating to hurry and get Helene out of here. The doctor nods.

296 EXT. GARDEN - FRANCOIS - HENRI - DAY

Hurry out. Henri excitedly leads the way.

297 ANGLE AT BENCH - SHOOTING THROUGH WEB - DAY

Henri approaches, stops, points. Haggard, Francois peers down.

FRANCOIS
(croaks)
Wait in - the house - there's a good boy, Henri.

HENRI
(happily)
Okay, Uncle Francois.

He skips away as Francois approaches the bench, kneels down. Francois weakly rubs his eyes to clear his vision. Behind him, Henri meets Charas, points toward the bench. Slowly, Charas walks over. Then he, too, comes close. He looks down, then gets on his knees. His face shows astonishment, then horror. Camera moves as he brings his face closer, centers the web. The spider almost covers the fly. Over comes the faintest, thinnest spine-chilling scream of frenzy.....

ANDRE'S VOICE
Helpppppp....get away frommmmm meeee!

298 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHARAS FAVORED - DAY

He pulls his head back, utter loathing on his face. His lips move as he tries to speak to Francois, but no sound comes. Again and again the minute scream pulsates:

ANDRE'S VOICE
Helppppp me --- Helppppp meeeee!
Getttt awayyyy....Helppppp meeeee...

Shaking, Charas looks around, grabs a huge rock. With strength born of loathing, he raises it above his head, begins to crash it down. Andre's screaming carries over to:

299 CLOSE SHOT - WEB - THE FLY - DAY

Now Andre's screams are at FULL MOD. The fly's body writhes in the silken cords; only the head and one arm are free. The head is Andre's; his face is distorted with unbelievable terror; the human arm waves, talon-like at the spider, just above it.

ANDRE
(screaming)
Get awayyyyy! Helppppp! Heleneeeee....

Then - the rock obliterates the picture.

300 CLOSE SHOT CHARAS - DAY

Panting, he picks up the rock and crashes it down again and again. Camera moves to include Francois.

FRANCOIS
Charas...Charas....

Charas stops, weakly wipes the sweat out of his eyes. Knees shaking, he gets up, then nervously sits on the bench.

CHARAS
(incoherently)
I - never believed -- you saw it - you saw it - didn't you ---

FRANCOIS
Yes. I saw it. I thought she was...

CHARAS
(ashen)
As God is my witness, I saw the thing. It's -- unbelievable.

FRANCOIS
Yes.

CHARAS
(wiping the sweat off his face)
I'll never forget that scream as long as I live.

301 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - DAY

FRANCOIS
You've -- committed murder -- just as much as Helene did. You killed a fly with a human head - she killed a human with a fly head. If she murdered, so did you.

302 CLOSE SHOT CHARAS - DAY

CHARAS
I know.
(bursting out)
But who will believe us. They'll think I'm mad, and you're mad.

303 ANOTHER ANGLE - FRANCOIS FAVORED - DAY

FRANCOIS
But - look - if --
(quickly)
He could have started the press, and got under it in time. It could be suicide. Andre's mind was unbalanced. Helene just tried to stop him.

CHARAS
But the stroke count?

FRANCOIS
(desperately)
I - I - I was the one who -- who forgot to reset it after it was used the last time.

Charas looks at him searchingly.

CHARAS
Yes.....yes....it could have been suicide.

Charas hesitates, exits toward house. Camera moves in close on Francois. Tears of happiness wet his cheeks as he kneels beside the rock. He lifts it aside, takes a matchbox from his pocket, throws the matches out. Gently, he moves the earth and grass away, eases something into the box with a match stick. A pause, and he hurries back toward the house.

304 INT. HELENE'S LIVING ROOM - HENRI - DAY

is wandering around, examining everything as boys will. From upstairs comes the faint sound of Helene's bedroom door opening and Charas' voice:

CHARAS' VOICE
(faintly)
It's all right, doctor, she is to stay. I've made a mistake.
(beat)
Mme. Delambre.....

Cont.

304 Cont.

The rest is cut off as the door is closed. Henri frowns down at his foot, then sits on the divan; his eyes light up as he finds a hole in his shoe. He pulls the shoe off, studies the hole with interest, pokes a finger thru it. As Francois, entering from the garden, heads towards the stairs, Henri looks up.....

HENRI
(stopping him)
Uncle Francois!

Francois enters, beside himself with happiness.

FRANCOIS
Yes Henri....

HENRI
(proudly)
Look!

FRANCOIS
(laughs)
Come on, we'll show your mother. She's staying -- always! She's not going to the hospital. Isn't that wonderful?

Henri "whoops" with joy, races ahead - one shoe on - his finger still through the hole in the other. Francois hurries after him.

305 INT. HALL - SHOOTING TOWARD THE STAIRS - DAY

As they run up, the orderlies and the doctor start down the stairs. Henri plows through them.

DOCTOR
(quietly to Francois)
Mme. Delambre is under the sedative now. I'll inform Dr. Ejoute. But she'll be perfectly all right.

FRANCOIS
(gratefully)
Thank you, doctor.

He goes on up, as they all exit.

306 INT. UPPER HALL - CHARAS FAVORED - DAY

as he comes out of the bedroom. He smiles at Francois. Silently the two men shake hands. At length....

Cont.

306 Cont.

CHARAS
Goodbye, M'sieu. Delambre.

FRANCOIS
Goodbye, Inspector. Thank you.

Charas starts down the stairs, turns.

CHARAS
I'm very glad.

307 INT. HELENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Helene is calmly asleep, Henri stands beside her. Andersone hovers nearby. Francois hesitates, goes to the bed, gently, happily touches her.

ANDERSONE
(quietly)
I'll be downstairs if you want me, M'sieu. I'll wait for Dr. Ejoute.
(beat)
It will be better if -- when she wakes...

Henri stares at Helene, then takes her hand gently. After a pause:

HENRI
She looks nice, doesn't she?

FRANCOIS
Yes. Always.

HENRI
(as a connoisseur)
I like her.
(pause)
She's very pretty.

FRANCOIS
Yes...Very.

Henri carefully puts her hand down. Then, changing, childlike:

HENRI
Can we still go to the movies, Uncle Francois?

FRANCOIS
(grinning)
Yes. We can go to the movies.

DISSOLVE TO:

308 EXT. GARDEN - HELENE FAVORED - DAY

Helene is resting in an easy chair, enjoying the warmth of the day. Nearby, Henri is playing with a ball. He throws it to her, but she misses. He runs after it. Helene looks off, smiles, waves.

309 ANOTHER ANGLE - FRANCOIS - DAY

Gay, younger than we have ever see him, Francois waves as he comes towards her.

310 CLOSE SHOT HELENE - DAY

She watches him approach. Her happiness shows.

311 CLOSE SHOT - FRANCOIS - DAY

As he comes into close shot, he stops, smiles down at her.

312 TWO SHOT - HELENE - FRANCOIS - DAY

Silently they study each other - there is great warmth between them. Then:

FRANCOIS
(so happily)
Hello. You look wonderful!

HELENE
(smiling at him)
Thank you, Francois.

HENRI
(running up)
Hi, Uncle Francois! You taking me to the zoo like you promised?

FRANCOIS
(laughs)
Yes - if your mother --

HELENE
You two run along. We'll all have dinner together.

HENRI
Oh, good.
(looks up at Francois frowns)
Uncle - Mummy told me about Daddy. But, well, something -- she said to ask you. Why did he die?

Cont.

312 Cont

FRANCOIS
(he half-kneels -- gently)
He - he died because of his work, Henri.
(thinks a moment)
He was like an explorer in a wild country where no one had ever been before. He was searching for the truth. He almost found a great truth, but for an instant he was careless....

HENRI
That's what killed him?

FRANCOIS
Yes.

313 CLOSE SHOT HENRI - DAY

HENRI
(puzzled)
That doesn't seem fair.

314 CLOSE SHOT FRANCOIS - DAY

FRANCOIS
Search for the truth is the most important work in the whole world. And the most dangerous.

315 ANOTHER ANGLE - HENRI FAVORED - DAY

HENRI
Can I do it?

FRANCOIS
Certainly. When you grow up.

Helene is very touched. Her hand rests gently on Francois' shoulder.

HENRI
Will you help me, Uncle Francois?

FRANCOIS
Yes, Henri.

HENRI
I'd like that.
(pause)
I'll be an explorer like him.

316 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELENE FAVORED - DAY

Francois gets up, runs his hand through Henri's touseled hair.

FRANCOIS
You'd better bring a coat, Henri.

HENRI
(running off)
Yes. Right away.

Helene smiles after Henri, gets up too. Francois waits a moment, then, quietly:

FRANCOIS
I've just come from the cemetery.
I - I buried the fly near him.

HELENE
(softly)
You are such a dear one, Francois,
so kind and thoughtful.
(pause)
Thank you.

Camera moves into tight shot. Francois studies her, his love so clear.

FRANCOIS
Helene, I don't think Andre would
mind - I want to look after you both,
you and Henri.
(pause)
Perhaps later, when all this is --
forgotten....

Very gently, she touches his face.

HELENE
I know he wouldn't mind -- I think
he would be very happy, and very proud.
(smiles)
I would like that.
(happily)
Now, come along. I'll see you both off.

Her arm in his, they walk towards the house, camera pans them away. Henri runs to meet them, his coat trailing - then, chattering fifty to the dozen, he tugs at Francois, urging him to hurry.

Cont.

316 Cont.

Helene is very gay, she pats Henri goodbye, comes back to her chair. She waves once more, then relaxes contentedly in the sunshine.

...And in the garden there are flowers and trees, birds and insects -- even many flies -- all living, fighting, dying as Nature has inscrutably decreed.

FADE OUT

THE END